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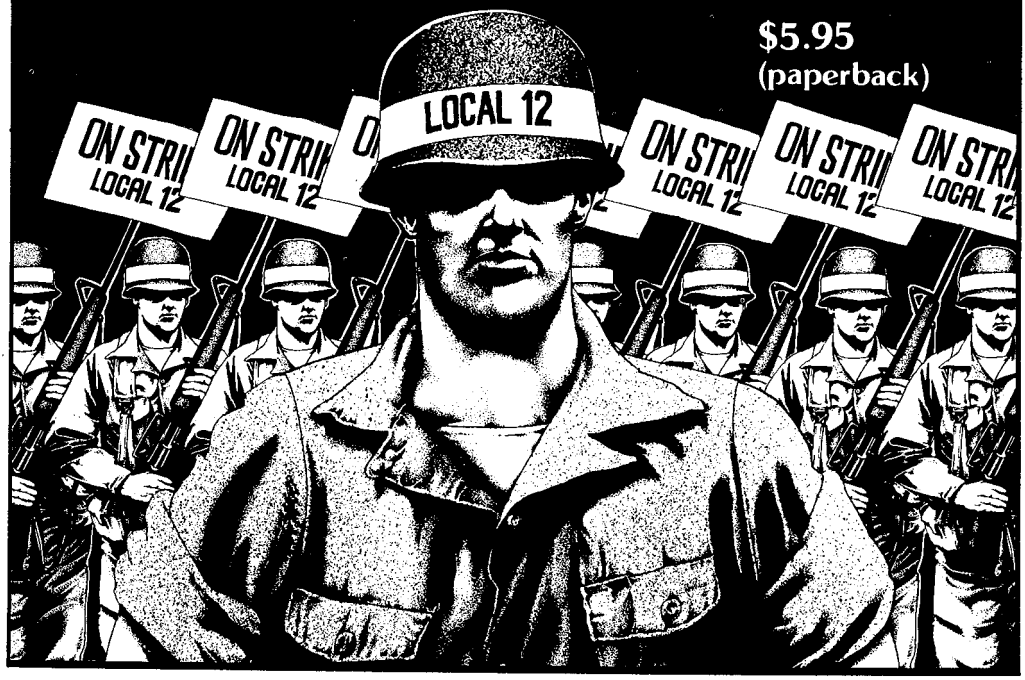

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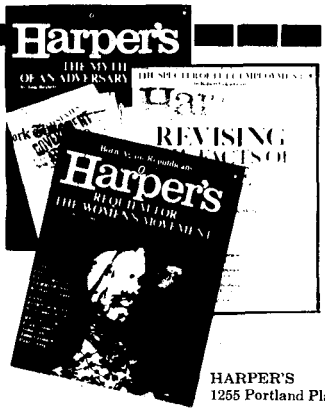

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Letters

Wernher Von Braun

Your September issue, in 'Tilting at Windmills', falsely attributes the tribute to Wernher von Braun—"He aimed for the stars but sometimes he hit London"—to White House speechwriter Jerry Doolittle. The phrase really belongs to Mort Sahl.

JOHN COX
Flushing, New York

The line, "I aim for the stars, but sometimes I hit London," was actually written 17 years ago by MIT mathematician/songwriter Tom Lehrer, following the world premiere, in Huntsville, Alabama, of Columbia Pictures' spectacular dud, *I Aim For The Stars,* starring Curt Jurgens as the multinational patriot. This 1960 biopic, which crashed shortly thereafter somewhere west of oblivion, turns up from time to time on the Late Late Show. Apparently Mr. Doolittle not only suffers from plagiarism but also from insomnia.

F. PETER MODEL
New York, New York

Public Relations

In last month's 'Tidbits and Outrages' column, we printed the following item:

"The Washington office of the Brown/Dowling public relations firm is headed by Keven Bellows. Her husband, James Bellows, is editor of The Washington Star. *One of Mrs. Bellows' clients is the Japanese government, and the* Star *runs a lot of articles about Japan. We wonder what the* Star's *editorial position was when it was disclosed that Marion Javits, wife of the senator from New York, was doing public relations work for Iran."*

As soon as the issue appeared on the newsstands we received a call from Mrs. Bellows, which she followed with this letter:

To confirm our telephone conversation and set the record straight:

I am an independent communications consultant. I do not head the Washington office of Brown/Dowling, Ltd. The Government of Japan is not my client. The work that I do as a professional in no way conflicts with any interest of James Bellows.

I wish to emphasize my belief that such a potentially damaging item should have been checked with me directly before publication. Whereas the false information initially may have come from another source, the thoroughly unfounded and unpleasant insinuations were obviously your own, and these, I am afraid, you must assume responsibility for.

I await eagerly the appearance of a correction in your next issue.

KEVEN R. BELLOWS
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

Our information did come from another source (a story by Maurice Fliess in the Atlanta *Journal and Constitution* of July 24, 1977), but that's no excuse; we were wrong, and we're sorry. But the background of our—and Fliess'—mistake is worth recounting.

In his *Journal and Constitution* story, Fliess wrote:

"Now heading the Washington office of Brown/Dowling is Keven Bellows, whose husband, Jim Bellows, is editor of *The Washington Star*."

Fliess added that the Japanese government was a client of Brown/Dowling.

After Mrs. Bellow's call, we talked to Amanda Brown, co-owner of Brown/Dowling, who also denied the Fliess story. We asked her if she had attempted to correct it. She said, "No, it didn't do any harm down here." We then called the Washington bureau of the *Journal and Constitution* and asked who had been the source for the story. The answer was Mike Dowling, Amanda Brown's partner. Mrs. Bellows says she had no knowledge of the *Journal and Constitution* story. Now that she does know, we wonder if she will continue to associate herself with a firm one partner of which misrepresents her role and the other partner of which fails to correct the misrepresentation, the obvious effect of which was to impress Atlantans with Brown/Dowling's influential Washington connections.

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Tilting at Windmills

The cost of higher education is being recognized more and more as a serious national problem. *The Washington Monthly* got into it several years ago through a logical back door. One of our central concerns has been the extreme caution, often bordering on cowardice, of federal employees—their unwillingness to blow the whistle when they encounter wrong-doing, or to take risks to make sure their bosses are exposed to the right ideas and facts. Some of the reasons we've found for that caution are deeply ingrained in character and difficult to do anything about. But one seems easy to cure. It is the cost of college, a cause for caution most commonly found in people between 40 and 55 who feel that they can't take the slightest risk of losing the job that is paying their children's tuition- that indeed it would be selfish of them to seek the personal glory of courageous public service at the risk of denying their children a college education.

To us, then, a federal student loan program became an important way to deal with the fears of these government employees, and of course, as we thought about it, with the fears of non-rich parents throughout the country. But the present federal student loan program is a disaster. It needs to be taken out of the hands of the banks, made available to everyone who needs it, and made impossible for either schools or students to defraud. The way to do all this is to make the loans payable by the government directly to schools for tuition and directly to the students for living expenses, in installments as needed. If a student gets cheated, either he or the government should be able to sue the school or its head (so that he can't hide behind a corporate shield) for triple damages. So that the student won't fail to repay—as we recently learned 37 HEW officials making between $15,000 and $43,000 a year had failed to do—repayment should be withheld from earnings along with income taxes at a rate of 3 to 5 per cent annually. For once there is a reasonably simple solution to a pressing public problem. We hope Congress will get busy and enact it.

Bert Lance always seemed to us a bizarre choice to head OMB, and indeed, beyond hiring excellent subordinates he spent little time on that job. So as we reflect on the press coverage of his story, it is not the end of the affair that bothers us so much

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as does the failure of the press to put Lance's failings as a businessman into perspective. That Lance never did harm to his customers is not a bad defense in the world of American businessmen. How many grocers sell their customers bacon with cancer-causing nitrite? How many retailers sell their customers cigarettes? Remember Charles Wilson and Robert McNamara, two men who were confirmed without question as Secretary of Defense—why didn't anyone care that they had spent years building unsafe cars that didn't just cost their customers money, but sometimes killed them? (Also see pages 28–32.)

The picture of lobbyists that is usually presented to students of government is that there are bad ones who bribe and good ones who seek to use rational persuasion. The reality is that the most effective lobbyists work in neither of these ways, but by forming genuine friendships with important officials. The cleverest demonstrate their friendship by helping the officials live the lives they wanted to lead when they sought office, whether that involves getting to know Washington socialites, influential journalists, and movie stars, or participating in locker-room camaraderie at Burning Tree. And good lobbyists show their genuineness by remaining loyal friends after the official has lost his power. The farewell party crowded with fatcats proving their devotion to some departing official is a standard Washington ritual.

Another untaught truth is that even someone who can't afford a lobbyist can practically assure favors from his congressman by making a relatively small campaign contribution- $500 for congressmen, $1,000 for senators. This is enough to buy "access" to a member of Congress, and the side that has access usually wins.

Further evidence that prison does not rehabilitate comes from this report from Sweden by Jonathan Kandell of *The New York Times*:

"Norrkoping, Sweden—The Swedes have one of the most progressive and humane prison systems. The Government has striven to keep prison populations low, to mete out short sentences, to provide a vast array of services and support facilities for inmates, and to experiment with minimum-security detention centers.

"Despite these efforts the prison system has failed to make significant inroads in the rehabilitation of criminals, particularly among those with previous convictions, whose rate of return to prison is over 70 per cent—as high as anywhere in the world."

Doesn't this suggest that repeating criminals should be kept in jail not for their own sake but only to protect society?

The rash of plane hijackings abroad reminds us of one of the most successful crime prevention actions ever taken by a government: the federal requirement that passengers and their luggage be subjected to inspection for firearms before boarding aircraft . . . . Ray Marshall, the Secretary of Labor, is reported to be concerned that Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Charles Schultze, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, are not being frank enough with Carter about what's wrong with the economy. . . . At a recent party attended by junior members of the White House staff, a vote was taken to name the biggest self-promoter among their superiors: the winners were Zbigniew Brzezinski and Esther Petersen . . . . 77,500 federal civilian employees now make between $30,000 and $47,500 a year. Of these,

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only 4,500 are in the top supervisory jobs. The rest are GS-14s and 15s, most of whom can charitably be described as having, in the words of Leonard Reed, responsibilities roughly comparable to those of a supermarket manager. . . .

We have repeatedly expressed our suspicion that there are more than a few isolated cases of former Pentagon officials going to work for defense contractors with whom they had done business while at the Pentagon. There is now evidence in the form of a recent study by the Council on Economic Priorities that the number is slightly more than one fourth of all former Pentagon officials in private employment . . . . We continue to marvel at the ineptitude of the government of the District of Columbia. According to a report prepared by the Congressional Research Service, the cost of running the District government is $2,203 per person, while the average cost per person of running 18 other cities of comparable size is $1,320 . . . .

One of the great truths of Washington life little known by the folks back home is the power of congressional staff members. Norman Dick, who was elected to the House last year after spending eight years as an aide to Senator Warren Magnuson, was recently quoted by Martin Tolchin of *The New York Times* as saying, "People asked me how I felt about being elected to Congress, and I told them I never thought I'd give up that much power voluntarily" . . . . On the other hand, one's staff can provide life after electoral death. J. William Fulbright has been out of the Senate for several years but his influence lives on in the presence of his former staff members. Norvill Jones is chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Hoyt Purvis is foreign policy advisor to Robert Byrd, the Senate Majority Leader; and Lee Williams holds a key position on the staff of the Democratic Policy Committee . . . .

But congressmen can also be victimized by their staffs. Senator Percy's questions about Bert Lance's use of his company plane illustrated the long limb you can be left on by bad staff work. Percy, with a choice of over a hundred trips by Lance to his vacation home at Sea Island, asked about one "on February 5," to which Lance was able to reply, "That was to the American Banking Association convention that was held at Sea Island." Then Percy moved on to a Lance trip to Warm Springs and asked if the nearest airport to Warm Springs wasn't Lynchburg, Virginia. Lance pointed out that when Georgians went to a place called Warm Springs they went to Warm Springs, Georgia, not Warm Springs, Virginia, to which, by the way, there are two commercial airports closer than Lynchburg . . . . People who say disarmament and prosperity are incompatible should study the period from September 1945 through June 1950 when we had both.

—*Charles Peters*

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Socialized Medicine: One Patient's Story

by Polly Toynbee

For years we've been appalled by the greed and indifference of American medicine, but because we're also skeptical of the government's ability to handle things any better we've wondered whether a system of socialized medicine like England's is really an improvement over what we have in this country. Do British patients get top-quality, speedy care? Do doctors go about their duties with the same sense of responsibility that they have in a highly remunerative private system? Beyond its lack of a crushing financial burden on its patients, does the British National Health have any special strengths and weaknesses? What follows is the story by a trusted friend of one patient's experience in The London Hospital, and it answers those questions better than anything else we've seen.

It was an ordinary Thursday morning in a busy clinic, one of the busiest, the general surgical. I was there to select a patient to follow all the way through his or her hospital stay, and because choosing one was so difficult, I had decided to take the first person who was about to be admitted within the reasonably near future.

Polly Toynbee, a former editor of The Washington Monthly, *is now a columnist for* The Manchester Guardian. *This article is adapted from her book,* Hospital, *published in England by Hutchinson & Co. and to be published in the United States by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in January.* *©1977 Polly Toynbee.*

There were three jovial-looking medical students there, one man and two women. I sat next to them, and whispered to the one nearest, "Is there any particular specialty this morning?" He smiled and whispered back, "Oh no, just the usual, lumps and bumps and things, mostly." Medical students rarely fail in their chilling jocularity. Is it insensitivity from lack of experience? Or gaucheness, making light of what still shocks them greatly, but doing it with excruciating clumsiness? Or just a youthful desire to shock? I don't know, but I smiled back.

Richard G. Thompson

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Dr. Paul Thomas gave a severe nod in my direction before reaching for the first sheaf of case notes on his desk. He was a dark, heavy-set man. Although young, probably in his mid-thirties, he had an aura of authority that stopped the medical students' whispers with half a glance. The room was tall, with high ventilators leading out to the street; half sentences wafted in oddly from time to time. The press of people waiting outside the door were quite silent. Why are patients so patient? Why are they prepared to sit outside doors in dingy corridors, clutching their appointment cards for mythical appointments, long past, with hardly a murmur of complaint? They have become lumps of meat, patients, and they have discarded already their outside identities. They are "lumps and bumps," hernias and gastric ulcers, not housewives, grocers, welders, or clerks.

The first few patients were regulars, returning after operations for checkups. Dr. Thomas tossed a set of notes to each of the students and told them to go and examine a patient each in one of the nearby examination rooms. They were to see the new patients, take a lengthy case history from them, and write methodical and legible notes to read back to Dr. Thomas before he examined them himself.

The ginger-bearded student departed with the case of a Mrs. Harris under his arm. The two women left the room with their patients. While they were gone the doctor got through two routine cases. He said that hernias and breast lumps were much the commonest.

The students spent a long time with their cases, and it was half an hour before the bearded one returned. Dr. Thomas swung round in his chair. "Well?" he prompted somewhat brusquely. The young man cleared his throat nervously. The students were only in their second week with this "firm" (a group of doctors under one consultant).

"Mrs. Harris is 46, married with two children. Two weeks ago she noticed a lump on her right breast. On examination she has a large craggy lump on the breast. It does not appear to be attached to the skin or muscle. I can't find any indication of other swellings . . . . Family history—she has a sister who had a breast removed 25 years ago and who is alive and well. She breast-fed both her children. Her younger son has cardio-vascular disease and is awaiting surgery." He showed a diagram he had sketched of her breast, showing the exact position of the lump, and also showing one or two shaded areas where there were slight hardnesses.

Dr. Thomas nodded and asked one or two supplementary questions, more to test the student's knowledge than to ascertain important information about the case.

"Well, let's go and see her," he said rising from his chair. The student led the way down the corridor past the staring faces to a small cubicle of a room, and I followed on behind.

It Meant the Worst

They agreed that it sounded almost certain that the woman had cancer. For my benefit the doctor explained that at that age a large and "craggy" lump almost invariably meant the worst. If the student's first examination was right, there was a reasonable chance that it had not spread yet, although it was a large lump. The fact that it was not attached was a good sign. The doctor spoke in a serious straightforward way. He dealt with any number of these cases all the time, but he was not in the least off-hand or callous. He was grave and undramatic.

The room was like a sleeping-car compartment on a train, except with no window. There was just room for the couch and standing room for three or four. We squeezed in.

A woman was lying on the examination couch, one arm up behind her head, the other lying across her naked breasts. She was of medium build, with dark, tightly curled hair. Her body and face were bronzed from the

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recent heat-wave sun, except for her breasts, which were bright white and full and round. She was a handsome woman; her face was only a little lined. The contrast between her tanned face and her white young-looking breasts with their taut skin and bright raspberry nipples gave me the odd sensation of looking at someone with their head stuck through one of those cardboard models seaside photographers use; the head and body didn't seem to belong to one another. Nudity often gives that effect.

She looked up as we came in, and there were tears forming in her eyes. She tried to wipe them away quickly before anyone saw, but since we were all squashed together so very close to her, she hadn't a chance of hiding it. She sniffed, tried to smile, and said a little hoarsely, "You mustn't mind me. I'll be all right in just a moment. It's just that all this couldn't have come at a worse time."

The doctor gave a faint smile, the student beamed with embarrassment, and I looked at my shoes. The doctor continued to fix her with his firm eye. I think he was trying hard to look friendly and honest, but not to give her any false hopes that might have to be crushed. He wanted her to know that he could be trusted and that he would tell her the truth. He didn't go in for the "well, well, what-have-we-here?" avuncular coziness of some doctors.

The woman looked up into his face, tried to smile, but her lips quivered and the tears began to fall, down her cheeks one or two onto her bare breasts, and the student and I left the room.

The doctor came back to his consulting room quite soon, leaving the woman in tears to be helped to get dressed by a nurse. "Yes," he said. "We'll have to admit her on Monday for operating on Tuesday." I asked how sure he was that she had cancer, and he said, "Well, one always hopes, and I might be wrong, but I'm pretty certain. Though you never can tell until you see what's there."

Quite soon she was shown into the room by the nurse, and she was now composed, and managing to smile. The doctor rose from his chair as she sat down. "Your husband's outside isn't he, Mrs. Harris? Would you like him to come in too, or would you rather not?"

"Oh, please ask him in," she said with a look of great relief on her face. "I haven't any secrets from him, you know. He's so good. He always goes everywhere with me."

The door opened and the nurse ushered in Mr. Harris, a tall good-looking man also newly bronzed from the sun. He was carrying a small suitcase, which he put down under his chair discreetly.

'What We All Fear'

"Well, Mr. Harris," said Dr. Thomas, "I've told your wife that I'm afraid she will have to come in to have that lump removed as soon as possible. If it is what we all fear, she will have to have her breast removed, but we can't tell at this stage. It's a question of what we find. I say this so that you know where we stand." The husband nodded, his wife looked towards him to see how he reacted.

"How soon can you do it?" Mr. Harris asked. "I've brought her things in case you want her to stay in today."

"I've put her on the list for coming in on Monday. That's soon enough."

"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Harris. His wife, who was feeling much more relaxed after crying, began to talk.

"I'm sorry to have taken it so bad, doctor, but it really couldn't have come at a worse time. My youngest boy, he's eleven, he's waiting for heart surgery. He has a bad heart, from the time when he had tonsillitis five years ago. It was a one-in-a-thousand chance, but it went to his heart, and we've been waiting to hear when they'd operate. My oldest starts his O Levels on Monday, and it'll be terrible not being there. Well, my sister had the operation years ago, and she's all

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right, so it's not that I'm especially afraid or anything, but what a time it's come at."

"Was it rheumatic fever that your son had?" the doctor asked.

"No, the doctors said it was just tonsillitis," Mr. Harris said.

"Is there anything else you'd like to ask?" Dr. Thomas asked.

They said they didn't think so, but then Mrs. Harris asked, "How long will I have to stay in?"

"Well, that depends," he answered. "If we just remove the lump it'll be about a week, but if we have to go ahead it'll be two or three weeks."

He had a habit of fixing patients with his eye, so as not to seem to be hiding anything. The Harrises looked a little abashed and afraid of him.

As they spoke he had been filling out her admission forms.

'We'll see you on Monday then, eleven o'clock. You'll be in Sophia Ward. Take these forms to the TCI desk. When you arrive on Monday go to the Admissions first of all. Goodbye." They rose to go, and were effusive in their thanks. The doctor was brief, and perhaps a little embarrassed by their warmth and gratitude.

The nurse led them away and directed them to the TCI desk. TCI sounds technical and complicated like much that goes on in hospitals but turned out to mean only "To Come In." No doubt patients puzzle over the significance of those initials as being somehow relative to their case, perhaps containing the vital clue to the exact nature of their ailment. Terminal Cancer I? Total Collapse Imminent? Hospitals don't realize how much significance is poured into every small phrase.

The Harrises made their nervous way through the procedures. Afterwards she said, "I was numb when I left that room. I didn't know where I was going or what I was doing. Thank God I had Bob there to get me through all the formalities. Of course I knew really that this was just what would happen when I went in there, but you always hope, don't you? I thought the doctor just might say, 'Oh, that's nothing, just a slight spot, or a boil or something.' But I knew he wouldn't, didn't I?"

Nervous, But Not Terrified

The next Monday was hot, though the hospital was mercifully cool. Eleven o'clock is usually a peak time for the Admissions Office, but by chance it was empty when I came in, except for a reception clerk in front of her computer keyboard, silently tapping away. The computer is still a novelty at the hospital and is used in all the wards for the bed state, waiting lists, and admissions. Each morning ward clerks have to do the bed state, tapping out the names and bed numbers of all patients. She wore a pink overall, like all administration staff, clerks in admissions, ward clerks, medical records clerks.

I waited and Mrs. Harris still didn't come. I wondered whether she had lost her nerve. Fifteen per cent of patients default at the last moment, sometimes even urgent cases like hers.

Then she came in, with her husband behind her carrying her small suitcase. They looked nervous, but not terrified. I wasn't sure how she would greet me. Dr. Thomas had asked her before whether she would mind my following her stay in the hospital, and she had said at once that she would be delighted—"It'll be something to take my mind off myself!" she'd said kindly. Perhaps when it came to it she would have changed her mind. She was going through one of the most terrible times of her life, and I would have understood if she had decided she didn't want me there after all.

But when she saw me she hurried over and sat down beside me. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" she said. "A friendly face, someone I know—that really makes me feel better." And then I felt better too.

The clerk called us over to the desk, and we sat down. The clerk was

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quiet and matter-of-fact—not especially friendly. She was so busy dealing with the forms and the computer that she didn't seem to have time to make a special effort at setting Mrs. Harris and her husband at ease.

"Are you Mrs. Harris?" she asked. She said she was. "That's odd. I've got your name down on the computer, and your age is given as 76. You're obviously not 76." The Harrises laughed and said she wasn't.

"Could I have your correct date of birth?" asked the clerk.

"February 20, 1929," she answered.

"Your full Christian names?"

"Margaret Gladys Harris."

"Maiden name?"

"Morely."

"Occupation?"

"Well, I haven't really got one. I used to be a telephonist."

"Shall I put housewife?" asked the clerk and Mrs. Harris nodded.

"You are married?" She nodded. "Husband's occupation?"

"Transport foreman."

"Children?" She said she had two.

The clerk went on writing while we sat in silence. Mr. Harris whispered something to his wife and she smiled.

"Well," said the clerk. "You'll be in Sophia Ward. A lady will come and show you up there in a minute, if you'll just wait over there for a little while."

"Can my husband come with me?" she asked. The clerk nodded and pointed to the row of chairs. We got up and went over to them.

'He Didn't Want to Know'

"Do you think it matters we were a bit late? She didn't say anything about it," Mrs. Harris said. I said I didn't think it mattered. "You see," she went on to explain, "I wanted to go past the school where my little boy is so I could wave to him in the playground. They come out at eleven and I told him we'd stop and wave." Had the children been worried? "My little one didn't seem to be, he was very good about it. The older one stopped his ears and refused to listen. He didn't want to know."

Another woman in a pink overall came out of a room and approached us. "Are you Mrs. Harris?" she asked with a large smile. "I've come to take you up to the ward. Will you follow me?"

We got up and followed the woman down the long main corridor. The building is old, but the inside of the ground floor has been done over in an attempt to make the place look new, with bright wood-paneled walls. The strip of carpet down the middle makes the place seem warmer and a little less institutional.

I don't know if our guide ever did any other job, but she appeared to be a professional chatterer, an official putter-at-ease. Her patter was limited but its range led us exactly to the door of the ward. "Isn't it warm today? Have you come far? It's such a nice ward you're going into, I'm sure you'll like it. Have you been in here before? Oh, you've never been in the hospital before, except to have babies? Well, well, now you'll be able to see how it compares to *General Hospital* and *Angels* on the telly, won't you? They say the weather's going to break soon, but I don't see much sign of it. Don't these lifts take a shocking time to come? I expect you'll be glad to get in the ward and put your feet up, after coming all that way this morning. Here we are, I'll just pop in and tell Sister you're here, just wait here on this bench, dear."

She left us on a long bench outside the ward on the second floor, and disappeared. "Didn't she *talk*," said Mr. Harris, and we all laughed with relief. The talk had made us all tense. It had been as if she was trying to think of jolly things to say while leading someone to the scaffold.

"I didn't tell the boys I had to come in until yesterday evening," said Mrs. Harris, "Though I'm sure they must have guessed, I kept saying to Ian, he's the eleven-year-old, 'You know where your socks are,' and, 'I've

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put all your clean shirts and pants in the top drawer.' So he must have thought, but he didn't say anything. When I told him he said, 'Don't worry Mum, we'll manage fine. You just get yourself better quickly and don't worry about us.' He's so good like that, isn't he, Bob? He's so considerate to me all the time, so grown up. He's a wonder. The older one, Tom, he hides his feelings."

I asked if they knew what she'd come in for. "Not really. They think it's something in my insides. Though maybe Tom knows. He doesn't say much but he has sharp ears. We waited quietly. "By the way, do call me Meg," she said. After that we were on Christian-name terms. I asked if she'd like me to go, if she'd rather sit with Bob on her own. "Oh no, for goodness' sake don't go!" she said. "I feel you know your way around a bit, you know what we're supposed to do, I feel so lost. I feel like the first day at a new school. I don't feel like a grown-up person here."

Another Female Patient

A nurse came out of the ward. "Mrs. Harris? Will you come with me? We'll just get you undressed and pop you into bed. Would you wait here, Mr. Harris. I'll call you when she's ready." She led her away. I wasn't sure why her husband wasn't allowed to go too. She would have preferred to have him there, she said later. But hospital segregation of the sexes was absolute. If a woman was undressing, no man should be present. Husbands didn't count any more. She was another female patient, entering the discipline of a female ward, and she was not allowed to undress and get into bed with her husband present. It was part of the ritual, and it reminded me of a curious and unpleasant tribal wedding ceremony. Hospitals are good at denying the reality of any life for their patients outside the institution. Your outside identity falls away as you become a patient. Away she went, the nurse taking her suitcase, and we were left to wait. She looked back at us for a moment, and was gone.

"I feel terrible," Bob said, a little later.

I couldn't think what to say to make him feel better. I longed to say, "I'm sure it'll be all right. Don't worry. It's bound to turn out to be something quite harmless, just a cyst." But I knew that Dr. Thomas was pretty certain of his diagnosis. All I could say was, "Well, it's the waiting that's worst. At least you'll know soon."

"We do everything together, Meg and me. We're very close, never go anywhere on our own. What would I do?" He stopped, and then said, "Well, she only just noticed it so it can't have gone very far if it is cancer." I said that catching it in time was what mattered.

"Do you think they'll operate today?" I said no, it would be tomorrow.

"That'll just be the first small one. I wonder how soon they'll do the next one, if she has to have it done?"

I said I didn't know.

"I'd do anything in the whole world for her, you know, Polly," he said. "I'd sell everything and get it done private. I wouldn't mind if I spent the rest of my life paying it back. Would it be better to have gone private? I did think I would, except they took her in here so soon. Would she get better doctors?" To have been able to work and pay would have made him feel so much better. The helplessness of sitting and waiting and contributing nothing made him feel bad.

I said that for something serious, there was nowhere better than a big teaching hospital. The only reason for going private was to be in a private room, to get better hotel conditions, but not better medical treatment. Otherwise, for something that was an emergency, where the National Health would admit someone at once, as they had admitted Meg, there was nothing to be gained. She had already jumped

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the waiting list, so it would just be a waste of money. I explained that the best specialists were the same people who were consultants in the best hospitals, like this one. You paid your money to see the same man, get the same treatment, but in nicer surroundings. He was a little comforted but still not quite believing. 'I thought the rich always got better medical treatment?" I said that for minor ailments, they did. They didn't have to wait three years to have their varicose veins out, or to have a painful arthritic hip or knee replaced. But when it came to the big operations, you could pay out a fortune, and, perhaps, in a small private clinic get worse nursing care, even if you got better food. The rich don't queue, and don't mix with the hoi polloi, but they don't live longer.*

Bob Harris was no radical. He voted Labor, but was not much of a socialist. He just assumed, passively, that everything in life was unfair. Although he seemed to believe what I said, he would still rather have been able to pay, and to imagine that he could help his wife. Getting it all free didn't suit him.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the things that are most important in life, health and the kids' school, are things I'd like to pay for. But they are the things we're stopped from paying. I'd feel better if I could."

Some 20 minutes later the nurse returned. "You can come now, Mr. Harris," she said. He got to his feet and went off into the ward to see her, while I waited.

The three medical students went past and waved gaily at me. I waved back. One of them stopped. "She gone in then?" I said she had. "Does she seem like a good one to you?" I said she seemed like a very good one, rather stiffly. By this time I had identified with the Harrises so much that I disliked the feeling that I might get any confidences behind their backs, that doctors might tell me anything about her. I wanted to keep them all at a distance. I didn't want to know what they thought of her.

Soon Bob came out and beckoned to me to come and see Meg. I went after him into the ward, down a long passage with two rows of beds on the right, and into a long, brighter room at the end where two rows of beds faced each other. Meg was sitting in her slot, in a crisp white flowered nightgown and a small bed jacket. She looked so like the others at first glance that I didn't spot her at once when I came into the room. But there she was—transformed into a patient.

"I do feel funny," she said. "Why am I in bed? I'm not tired or ill."

I didn't know why she was in bed, I suppose for convenience, keeping everyone in their slot, so you know where they are. They don't take up so much space lying down. She was wearing a name-tag on her wrist, Margaret Gladys Harris and a long

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* *Here's what a doctor told the author about the advantages of private care compared to the National Health Service:*

"The food is better if you go privately, and you get a single room. Yes, there are a number of single rooms anyway on most wards, but you can't be guaranteed one if you're on NHS. One of the main advantages of going privately is for the busy executive. He needs to know exactly when he will be admitted to hospital so that he can make his plans around that date. On the NHS you never know when a bed might suddenly be available.

"The London Hospital's orthopedic department is completely swamped. The East End is very bad, but it's the same all over the country. The queues and the waiting lists are quite appalling. The waiting list at the moment is three years for a woman and one year for a man.

"They are not going to die of their complaints, and many of them are not going to get much worse if they have to wait for treatment, but they are all of them in considerable pain. For many of them, life has become a nightmare; they are isolated, elderly, immobile, and they desperately need an operation to get them on their feet again. I can quite understand why so many people are prepared to spend their last bit of life savings on paying for the operation to be done privately, rather than having to suffer for another three years."

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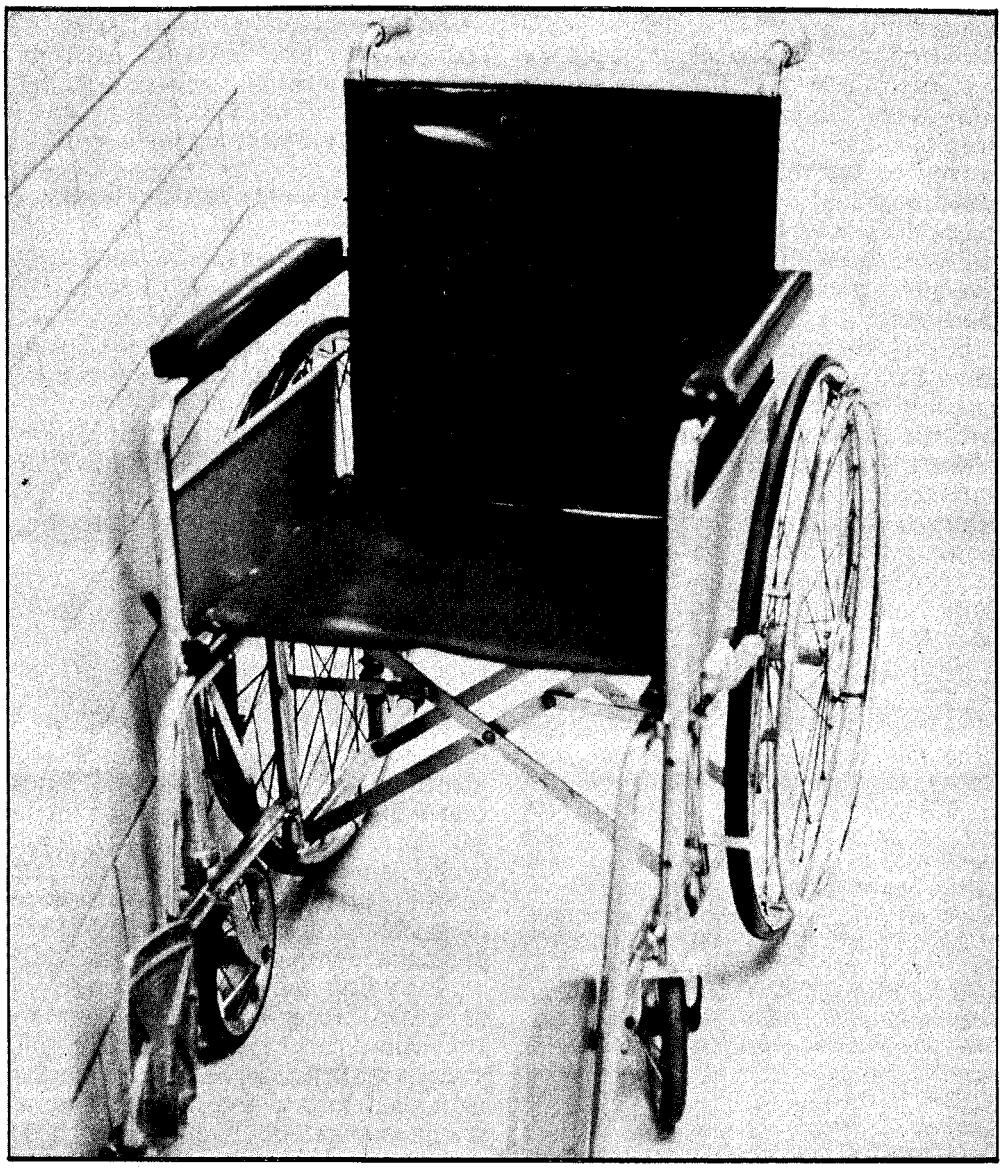

number. She glanced at it and said, "Well, I'm glad they won't think I'm the wrong person in the operating theater. Though Harris is a common name. I'd rather have a funny name just now."

Bob looked awkward standing by the bed. He felt lost, as if he didn't have anything to do with her any more, as if she'd been taken away from him. He smiled sheepishly. Hospital visiting is dreadfully unsatisfactory, and the closer the relationship the more excruciating the occasion. She smiled at him bravely and held his hand tight. "You'd better go now, love. You'll be very late."

"Never mind my being late!" he said with surprising vehemence. She laughed, squeezed his hand, and said, "All the same, I think you should."

A nurse came up. "I'm afraid you've missed your lunch, Mrs. Harris. We have it at twelve o'clock here. I could probably find you a salad and a pudding though, if you're hungry."

"No, thank you, dear, I couldn't," said Mrs. Harris.

"Not just a pudding then? There's

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some nice semolina and jam?" said the nurse. Mrs. Harris refused, politely. When the nurse had gone she said, "I want to keep off the hospital food as long as I can. I had a good breakfast."

She turned to Bob, who was especially embarrassed in the presence of nurses. "Go on, off with you!" she said. He kissed her and left, promising to be back that evening. Meg almost had a tear in her eye but turned to me. "I'm glad I've got you here to talk to. It takes my mind off things," she said.

Bright Company

It takes a determined recluse to avoid knowing everything about everyone in a short time in a ward. But I was surprised how much Meg had got to know about many of the other patients in the short time it had taken to get into bed. She explained quietly to me, "This old lady next to me on my left, she's a dear sweet thing, in terrible pain with leg ulcers and a stomach ulcer. I was chatting away to her, but she's stone deaf, can't hear a thing. Her mind's all there—she reads all day, but she can't hear. She smiles at everyone though. This one on my right though, she's lovely. She's had her breast off, just a week ago, but she looks as fit as anything—and ever so cheerful. I can't understand it. She doesn't seem a bit upset. She's a dear, looks after a lot of the others, goes about cheering people up. How does she do it?"

I looked across discreetly. The woman was in her early sixties, with short, fairish dyed hair, glasses, and a smiling face. She was sitting at a table close by doing a jigsaw with two other women.

"She's older of course, and she's not married, so perhaps she doesn't mind so much," Meg said doubtfully. "I can't stand to think about it. You know I had a bath yesterday evening, and I wore my bra, because I was afraid to look in case the lump had got any bigger. I didn't want to see. I just lay there in that bath staring at myself, thinking, 'This is it, I won't look like this again. I'll say good-bye to my breast.' " She was quiet for a moment and I couldn't think of anything helpful to say, so I just listened. "It may sound silly, but I've always been proud of them, my breasts. They're very good ones. When I was young, me and my girl-friend used to wear really tight shirts. I remember once going out with her on our bicycles and meeting a couple of boys. It's always stuck in my mind. We got chatting and I heard my one say to the other, 'I'm lucky, I've got the one with the best boobs!' and I was really pleased, because I know they are nice. Do you think I'm daft, talking like this? But, they're still nice, although I've breast-fed two children. They didn't go small and flabby like some people's . . . . You know my older son, Tom, well he's at that age now, 16, where he sits about with his friends, and I hear them making jokes about my boobs. I pretend not to notice, but sometimes he says things like, 'Mum, run and get me this or that,' and I know he just wants to see me running, to see them wobble." She poured herself out some orange juice from the top of the bedside table. "After they've taken out the lump, I wonder how many days it is before they go ahead and take the whole thing off, if they have to?" I didn't know but said I thought it would be soon afterwards.

I left her for half an hour to go down to the canteen to get myself some lunch. The Sister told me, as I passed her desk, that the doctor would be visiting Mrs. Harris in half an hour's time.

When I came back through the ward a young doctor was there, standing by the Sister's desk. He introduced himself. He was a stiff and somber young man, serious and unrelaxed, but it may have been my presence that made him nervous. "We'll be operating on Mrs. Harris tomorrow, she's third on the list," he said. "I shall be coming to see her in a moment."

I hurried over to warn Meg. She

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got herself ready, straightened her nightdress, and gritted her teeth. "What's he like?" she asked. I said he seemed very nice, very serious. "Oh, I hope he doesn't stare like that other doctor in out-patients. I didn't know where to look. I don't think I'd have cried if he hadn't stared at me so hard. I felt he was trying to tell me something terrible. He was looking at me as if to say, 'You know this is it, don't you? You and I know what this means and you haven't got long to live.' " I said he hadn't meant that at all. He was a bit frightening but he just wanted to reassure her that nothing was being done behind her back. "Perhaps," she answered. "Anyway you'd tell me what they were saying, wouldn't you?" I said I would, but was secretly determined not to hear anything myself.

The young doctor came over to Meg's bed and discreetly drew the yellow curtains around it. He began to take her history again from the beginning. He asked all over again almost all the questions the medical student and Dr. Thomas had asked in out-patients—a double-check.

"Well," he said when he finally finished, laying down his tools. "We'll be operating on you tomorrow. Dr. Thomas will be doing the operation, and he'll probably be up to see you later. The anesthetist will pop in to have a word with you too. You'll be third on the list tomorrow, probably at about eleven o'clock. You know what we're going to do, don't you?" he said to her firmly. She tried to smile and nodded. 'We're going to do what we call a biopsy. We'll take out the lump and send it to the laboratory. When we've got the result of that we know whether we have to go ahead or not." She said she understood, and he smiled and left her.

"Perhaps they'll find it's just a muscle out of place," Meg said. Every so often she kept finding new explanations for her lump, none of which convinced her at all. A physiotherapist came past the end of the bed, helping a very old lady with a walking frame and the bottom part of one leg missing. "Oh God," Meg said under her breath. The old woman's empty green pajama leg was flapping.

Ordered Boredom

There is rarely a spare moment in a hospital. Although it is excruciatingly boring, the boredom is ordered and varied, and the patients are kept busy for a good part of the day. Soon another porter came along with a wheelchair to take Mrs. Harris to have an x-ray. He was stern and foreign and she was rather abashed when he grabbed her dressing-gown off the bed and shoved it at her. "This! Put on!" he ordered. And then he wheeled her away.

She was gone for a long time, there being a queue of people waiting for x-rays. I sat by her bed and chatted to some of the other patients. "I hope she'll be all right," said the kindly woman next door, who had already had a mastectomy. "She seems so nervous, poor dear. To be honest, it hardly hurts more than an appendix."

When Meg came back from the x-ray department, she was more tense than before. "The anesthetist came while I was away. I wonder if he'll come back?" She felt it was her fault that she had taken so long. "Oh dear, I'm sure that x-ray won't come out right and I'll have to have it done again," she said. "I was in this big room and they fixed it all up. Then they went out of the room. I heard a voice a long way away saying, 'Deep breath!' but I thought it came from another room and they weren't talking to me. The next thing I knew the voice said, 'All right, breathe away,' and I was already breathing. Do you think it'll come out?"

The tea trolley came round and she had a cup of tea and a small plate of bread and jam. When that was over, the male medical student came frisking into the ward, with a rather too cheery, "Hello!" Meg hadn't taken in the difference between doctors and students and referred to him as "that

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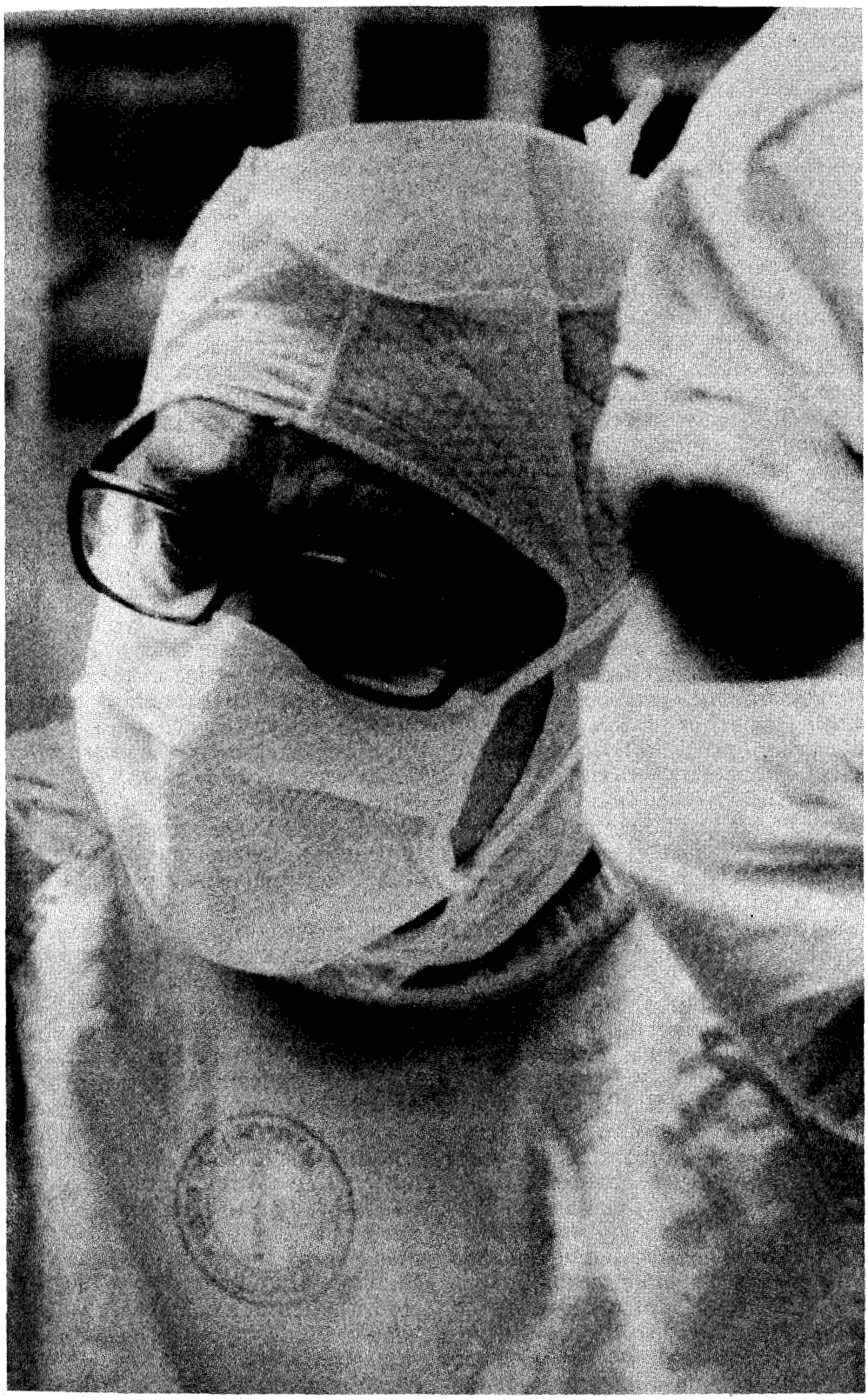

Richard G. Thompson

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young doctor who listened so nicely when I came for my first appointment." He sat down on the bed and asked her how she was. "Well, sort of nervous. I've never had an operation and I don't like the thought of being put to sleep. It's like dying."

"No, it's not, not at all," he said with a laugh. "It's very restful sleep, with no dreams."

"When they've taken out the lump," she said, "how many days after do they take the whole thing off if they have to?"

He looked surprised by her question and answered at once without realizing how much news he was breaking, "Oh, but we do it all at once, at the same operation. The surgeon takes out the lump while you're asleep. I'm the runner. I take the lump, and I run with it as fast as I can to the laboratory and they examine it. Then they give us the thumbs up or thumbs down. They say whether we have to go ahead or whether there's nothing the matter. If it's yes, and they say go ahead, I come rushing back, and while you're still asleep we take it off, to be sure it hasn't spread anywhere else."

'It Might Happen'

Meg looked pale, even under her tan. I could hear her gulping, and I could feel her shock. I felt it myself. I had no idea it would all be done at one operation.

"You mean," she said quietly, "you really mean that it might happen tomorrow? That when I come 'round I shan't know if it's there or not?"

"It's always done like that. Really it's to spare you having to go all through it a second time."

"Well!" Meg said when he'd gone, and that was all.

A woman from across the room came shuffling over, sliding one old bedroom slipper after the other. She was holding a box of Milk Tray in her hand. She always had chocolates with her and ate them all day long. She had fuzzy, pale, mouse-colored hair, an old candlewick dressing gown, and pop eyes. She was about Meg's age but looked older.

"I've been reading Shirley Temple's story in *Woman's Own*," she said, starting up the conversation. "She had one boob off, you know." This didn't seem to me a very tactful opener, but Meg was kind and felt sorry for her. The woman looked so shabby and down-trodden. "Shirley Temple says she was always bosomy, like you dear."

Meg smiled and asked, "What are you in for?"

"Hysterectomy," said the woman. "That's why I walk like this. The stitches are killing me."

"I wish I was having one of those!" Meg said with great passion. "At least it doesn't show."

"It's your breast, isn't it?" said the woman. "You won't believe this but I knew someone had one off. In those days they gave you a falsie filled with sand—a sand bag sort of thing. She was sitting in the pub one night and someone prodded her and the thing bust. Spilled sand all over the floor and her tit went flat as flat. They were looking on the floor and didn't know where all that sand came from." She handed across her box of chocolates. "Want one, love?" Meg shook her head and said no, a little frostily, and the woman shuffled away.

Meg took out her handkerchief and blew her nose. "I feel awful," she said. "Oh, I wish it was over. It's the waiting. What am I doing here sitting in bed as if I was dying already, and nothing the matter with me? You know, I think I begin to feel funny already, a bit ill. I feel weak when I get out of bed. That's just from lying down all the time. It's ridiculous!"

It was about six o'clock, and the nurses had started to lay the table in one end of the ward for supper. As the day wore on Meg was getting tired from the tension and anxiety, and the tireder she got, the more depressed she became. She was at low ebb when Dr. Thomas came sweeping into the

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ward, with his small flotilla of juniors, students, and nurses. She hadn't seen him since that one visit to outpatients.

"Could you just slip your things off as we want to have another look at you," he said, when the curtains around the bed had been drawn and the whole group was gathered round. She was surprised to get yet another visit and yet another check. She had no idea of the hierarchy of doctors, and couldn't follow who everyone was, or who was most important. "I just want to make one last check before the operation," he said. "I shan't be seeing you tomorrow, until afterwards. Except of course at the operation, when you won't be able to see me."

Meg un-buttoned her nightdress. "It's lucky I bought myself a button nighty," she said. "I thought I'd probably have to be examined a lot in it, but not as much as this!" She made a joke of it, but she was especially nervous. She said she found this doctor particularly frightening, perhaps because he was not in the least jolly or facetious, but rather serious. I found him most reassuring and would have preferred his approach to many other doctors, but Meg was unnerved by him. It made her talk a lot.

"Now do you understand what's going to happen tomorrow?" She said she thought she did, and wished it was over. "We're going to take a look at that lump, take it along to the laboratory, and wait until they give us an answer. If the answer is yes, we'll have to take the breast off."

"Then and there?" she asked.

"Well, it's better, we think, for you to have one operation, not two." She nodded, looking unconvinced. "It'll be at about eleven. You'll get a pre-med, a jab to make you drowsy at about ten. Don't expect to be asleep by the time they take you upstairs, because you won't be." This was good information. Other women in the ward were terrified to find themselves still awake and thought they'd be operated on without anyone realizing they weren't properly under, but they were too sleepy to open their eyes or call out.

Why Me?

Dr. Thomas stared at her hard in the eye and gave her a small smile. She looked back at him, wondering what she should say. He seemed to want her to say something. She looked away, and tears were forming in her eyes again.

"I want a reason, that's all," she said finally. A tear overflowed and fell down her face. She reached for a Kleenex and wiped it away. "I want to know *why* it's happening, and why it's happening to me. I keep looking back on the last few years and asking myself what can have caused it. I don't smoke much. I did knock myself not long ago, could it have been that? Did I take too much exercise? I do bicycle a lot. Or perhaps not enough? Couldn't you give me some idea of a reason why it happened to me? . . . No, I suppose you couldn't."

"I wish we knew. It's just one of those things. We don't know at all at the moment, but perhaps we will some day. You can rest assured that it's nothing you did. You couldn't have prevented it. It's just terrible luck."

"I haven't told my boys. They know I'm here for something or other. My eldest guessed what it was, but I don't think he realizes I might come home with one breast missing. My youngest doesn't know. How can I tell him?" The tears were falling again.

"Well, perhaps your husband can help. Perhaps he can break it to them gently. But let's not think about it for the moment. You get some good rest for tomorrow."

"My husband's very good like that. He'll help all he can," and the thought of her husband brought more tears.

"You'll find you'll hardly notice tomorrow. It'll be come and gone before you know it. It's a funny thing about anesthetics. You don't have the same sense of time."

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Misty and Dull

I woke at six the next morning, at the same time as Meg. I had a night of dreams of all the excuses that might turn up for my not attending the operation. It was a gray morning, misty and dull. I hadn't intended to wake so early. I wished the day was over already.

Meg had slept reasonably well. Nurses came along the ward all night, whispering, muffling giggles, and sometimes shining flashlights to see that the patients were all right. Meg had cried a little and tried hard to sleep. Her mouth was dry and she longed for a drink but wasn't allowed one.

She had a bath while everyone had breakfast. She felt shaky. "I almost wanted to make a run for it. I kept saying to myself, 'This is ridiculous. Why am I waiting around here for them to do this terrible thing to me?' I always feel like that about the dentist when I'm waiting. I want to get up and go."

Meg lay in bed trying to keep calm. It didn't help that her friends in the ward kept coming up to her to wish her good luck, to make jokes and offer odd pieces of advice, but she smiled kindly at them. "You'll be back in the ward before you know it, just as if nothing at all had happened," one said. "Good luck, girl," said another. "You've got a lucky face, you'll be OK." "You watch out for them young doctors, when they've got you all laid out and helpless!" said a young woman, the coarsest, who always made rude jokes. "Don't take on, pet," said the nice lady in the next bed, who had had a mastectomy herself. She patted her hand, and for her comfort Meg was grateful. The kind old deaf lady on the other side beamed at her sympathetically.

"What's it like outside today?" Meg asked. The weather scarcely permeates a hospital, nor does night and day. The hospital routine and moods take the place of weather and time. I said it was grey, and not hot. I didn't say that the streets were full of people selling flags for Cancer Research day. As I had put 50 pence, instead of my usual ten pence, in the tin to ward off danger, I hadn't decided if that was a good or bad omen.

"How do you feel this morning about watching my operation?" Meg asked. I said not too good, but I thought I'd be all right. "Well, I'm very glad you'll be there. They'll be showing off to you, and they'll make a specially nice job of it, won't they?" she said. At ten o'clock exactly she was given her pre-med. To her surprise the injection didn't hurt at all. "I'm really bad about jabs," she said. "I tense my muscles and they usually have to more or less screw the needle in."

She fell very silent very soon and lay with her eyes shut. "I'm wide awake," she kept saying. "I haven't gone, I'm still here." She kept licking her lips as if her mouth was very dry. Soon she was far away, and sometimes half muttered something, but her jaw wouldn't open enough to let the words out. She didn't look worried any more. That made me more worried. It was like sitting beside someone who was dying, and I was tempted to shake her awake.

The porter from the operating theaters came to take her away. He was like a mortuary attendant, there was no gleam of interest in his eyes.

Two nurses helped to lift her onto his long trolley, on top of which was a stretcher. Meg murmured. Amongst other things she said, "I'm really not asleep. I just can't open my eyes or mouth."

She was too much asleep to notice or mind her operating-gown flapping open; it curled up to her thighs as they moved her. Nor did she feel how clumsily and awkwardly she was handled. Her head flopped back as they put her down.

A young staff nurse kept talking to her kindly; soothing, calming words.

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"You're all right dear, we're just popping you onto this bed. You'll be fine in a moment. Don't worry about a thing," Meg gripped her hand tightly. A passing moment of panic? Did she feel she was falling? As the porter pushed her down the corridor to the big elevator, she kept a tight grasp of the nurse's hand. Meg's knuckles were white and her nails dug in, but the nurse smiled and said some more soothing things as she walked along beside her.

Inadequate and Antiquated

Up on the third floor are the operating theaters. They are as old as the hospital itself, and universally considered inadequate, antiquated, and not sterile enough. Cracks in the ceilings, walls, and floors give rise to scares about the possibility of infection. The long corridor, lit by sky lights, from which lead all the theaters, should be a sterile zone, but isn't. People walk in and out of it in their street clothes and shoes. The doors to the theaters swing open and shut into the corridor in the middle of operations.

It is always difficult to assess medical complaints. There are always new machines and new equipment invented that a hospital or a particular department cannot afford. Although the complaints about operating conditions were severe, clearly no one was coming to any harm as a result of them. The infection rate was as low as any other large and important hospital's, but even to a layman the theaters did look a bit rugged, primitive, and Victorian– far more old-fashioned than other parts of the hospital. This was partly because new operating theaters had been one of the casualties of cutbacks at The London. A whole wing of the hospital had been knocked down ready to house new operating theaters and wards, but the ax had fallen, and the government would not let them proceed with the plan. As new theaters had been expected for so long, not many resources had been spared for modernizing the old ones.

On the same floor, but outside the corridor, runs another long, rickety, wooden passage-way, called the "rabbit warren," for the offices and changing rooms for the theaters. There is a resting room for operating staff, with a constant supply of hot coffee. In there sit groups of exhausted nurses, their white disposable mob caps covering their hair, and doctors in white wellington boots, nasty things that make one feel they've been wading through a floor of blood and gore. This is the only place I found in the hospital where doctors and nurses would actually sit down and drink coffee together. The tension of the operating theater brought them together, and the rigid segregation was broken down.

The theater nurses work all day long in the theaters, and not at all in the wards. Most of them do it because the hours are more regular. At night only a handful of them are needed for emergencies. Some of them prefer the work for itself. It is more exciting, there is less drudgery, and less contact with patients and their problems.

One of the nurses in this common room was expecting me. "Mrs. Harris is just resting. She's almost asleep," she said when she came in. "They're still on the other case so they won't be doing her for a while." I asked where Mrs. Harris was, and the nurse said she was waiting in the corridor. I remembered Meg saying she didn't like the idea of being wheeled around the place and left waiting in passages with nobody paying any attention to her. I hoped she was too sleepy to know where she was.

The nurse took me to her changing room where she found me a locker to put my clothes and gave me a gown, a white mob cap, and big white cloth over-shoes. Everything was crisp and hard with starch. The clothes felt dirt-resistant. It worried me that I looked exactly like a nurse or doctor. I clung to my notebook and pencil. I wasn't sure whether I'd be allowed to

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take such unsterile things into the room, but the nurse smiled and said, "Of course," when I asked her. The room was full of unsterile things, like patients' notes and doctors' pens, the trolley the patient was taken in on, and countless other things that caught my eye. I was surprised. The television hospital programs give the impression that the room contains nothing that hasn't been boiled, except people, and they have been thoroughly scrubbed with carbolic.

When I dressed, the nurse took me back to the common room, and we had some coffee. "Very routine cases on Dr. Thomas' list this morning," she said. I nodded trying to look as if it was routine to me too.

A jolly young West Indian nurse came in. "This your first?" She asked me. I said it was. "Will you faint? Most of us did." I said I hoped not, I didn't faint easily. They laughed disbelievingly.

Dr. Thomas came in to get himself a quick cup of coffee before starting on Meg. He gave a nod in my direction, and sank into a chair. Surgeons need good strong legs for all that standing, hours on end. "That was a nasty hernia," he said to the nurse beside me. "Took longer than I'd expected."

Like White Ants

When the nurse and I had finished our coffee, she led me away, down the passage towards the theaters. We went through the swing door into the theaters corridor. There was a lot of coming and going. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry, or exhausted, bustling in and out of the theaters like white ants. Meg was just being wheeled into an ante-room adjoining one of the theaters. There were a lot of people standing around her, but at first it was impossible to tell which were porters or nurses or doctors. She lay there in the little side room where the patient is given the final dose of anesthetic. Above her head was a big Victorian skylight, and I saw her eyes open and look up at it for a moment, a little perplexed.

"Hello, Mrs. Harris," said the anesthetist loudly. "You don't know me. I came to see you in the ward yesterday but you'd just popped along to x-ray. I'm the one who looks after you for the operation. Can you hear me?" Her head nodded faintly. She looked terrible. Her jaw seemed to have fallen. Her skin was pale and sallow. The bones on her forehead stood out, and she looked older and different, almost unrecognizable. Would she look like that dead?

The anesthetist pushed me forward and I stood by her head. She opened her eyes for a moment. "That's you, Polly?" she said.

"How are you?" I asked her.

"Funny," she said. "But not asleep, not at all. Tell them." I told her they all knew she wasn't asleep. "Have they done it?" she asked. I said not yet, not for a little while. "Don't go," she said and seemed to drift away again.

"I doubt if she'll remember any of this. They don't usually," said the anesthetist.

He started to give her an injection in the back of her hand. She lay there unchanged. He gave her a short blast of gas, and called her– "Mrs. Harris!" –but she seemed before our eyes to sink further down into the bed and the pillow, looking quite flat, as if she was hardly there at all. She looked physically smaller, as if she didn't take up any space, or any thickness.

The same three medical students drifted in, all gowned up, and they grinned at me. I was surprised to be recognized by anyone in all that surgical garb. Meg was wheeled through the doors into the adjoining operating theater, and we all followed her.

The room was light and airy. I was surprised that it seemed much like many other rooms in the hospital. It didn't have a special aura, a sense of drama, or of meticulous sterility. There was a kind of casualness, people coming and going, talking, sitting about.

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The anesthetist is in charge of a patient during an operation. He controls all the life-support mechanisms, watches the pulse and breathing, tells the surgeon what he can and can't do.

He began to supervise the arranging of Meg on the operating table. The porter helped to move her, together with a nurse. Then the anesthetist laid her out, arranged for her right arm, on the side that was to be operated on, to be laid out on a plank sideways, and strapped down. A green sheet covered her, through which poked her right breast. The doctors and nurses who were actually assisting at the operation all wore green gowns—the other onlookers (there were two student nurses, as well as the medical students, and one or two other nurses) were dressed as I was, in white. When Meg had been prepared, the anesthetist sat down on a stool at her head, and there he stayed, watching her for the whole operation, with various machines beside him.

I stood by the door, watching, too terrified to write anything down for the moment. The students stood beside me. They behaved exactly towards me as I expected. The man did most of the talking. "Mastectomies are the bloodiest of all operations, I always think," he said gaily. "Blood spurts out all over the place, very nasty." One of the women said, "I don't know, I've seen one or two that haven't been too messy."

I asked if they were sure there would have to be a mastectomy. "Thomas seems pretty sure," said the other woman.

We were standing by the door, well away from the patient. Other groups of people were standing around talking. Dr. Thomas came in, dressed up in green. We were all wearing disposable face masks from a dispenser on the wall of the anesthetic room. They were hot and scratchy. I was leaning against the wall, holding tight to my notebook. I didn't know when it would start. I hardly dared look. When I did I was glad to find I could barely see. I had hoped that I would be placed behind some viewing panel, well away from the theater itself. The room seemed small and I wished I was further back.

"Come on," said the male student. "You can't see here. Come nearer." Reluctantly I came with them and stood a little behind the surgeon's elbow.

A Large Firm Hillock

A bright white arc light was beamed down on Meg's breast. It looked curiously splendid, a large firm round hillock all on its own, even defiant. I didn't know when Thomas would start. I couldn't find anywhere else to look. There was still no atmosphere of hush and tension, except inside me. I felt sick and concentrated on appearing nonchalant.

The knife looked like a very small slanted razor blade in a holder. I remembered using one like that to cut cardboard at school, pressing it down and running it along the edge of a ruler to make a perfectly straight incision. He took it up in a matter-of-fact sort of way. I saw him lift it and take it to her breast, and I stepped back without meaning to. I looked at my feet, I looked to one side and to the other, but always out of the corner of my eye I could see what was going on. I couldn't help seeing and I couldn't help not seeing. He held the breast firmly in one hand to stop it moving, and sliced with the other. It wasn't like cutting a cake or carving a joint so much as taking the peel off an orange.

I was surprised and relieved that blood didn't pour or spurt at once. Only a small trickle rolled down her breast like a tear. I could imagine it trickling as it rolled down the side of her body. I looked at it directly and watched the knife approach the nipple. I thought I would faint at once if it even touched the nipple and half gasped. One of the students nudged the others, and I clenched my notebook so it suddenly crumpled. But the

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knife stopped within a millimeter of the nipple.

The skin was peeled back on each side of the cut, again like an orange. The inside was less horrific than the cutting. It was brighter pink and white than I had expected, and not very much blood. The surgeon slid his fingers inside and felt around. The blood made nasty vein-like tracings on his cream rubber gloves. He began explaining to his young assistant, and the student nurses in front of him what he was doing. I couldn't hear what he said, although I was close. The words were a noise that didn't register sense in my brain. It went on a long time.

With a small pair of scissors he started to cut away at a piece of tissue. The sound of the snipping was as bad as the sight of the knife. He felt around and snipped, slowly and steadily, pulling at a piece of flesh. It didn't look any different from any other bits inside the breast—not a noticeably different round lump, as I had imagined. It felt different to his touch, not his eye. I was only looking in glances and didn't see exactly. He was talking, still in an ordinary everyday voice—no hush or special reverence. "You notice it's unexpectedly pale," he said as he eased it out a bit more. It was a great pink mass he was lifting and snipping out of the breast, almost as big as the palm of his hand.

'I'm Quite Sure'

I don't remember the words, but it dawned on me slowly what he was saying. I thought I hadn't understood. I began to listen. I still didn't know if I had understood, but I had.

As he finally lifted the flabby pink lump from out of her breast, with a last snip, he was sure. "We won't bother to send it to the laboratory," he was saying. "I'm absolutely sure, just from looking at it. We'll send it along later just as a final check, but I'm quite sure."

I turned quickly to the students, to be certain that I had understood what he was saying. "What's he mean?" I whispered.

"It's all right!" said one of the women, breaking into an enormous smile. Then everyone in the room, the surgeon too, was smiling and looking pleased. It wasn't cancer, and she was going to be fine!

The pleasure on their faces was a surprise and a delight. They were really, genuinely very pleased and very happy. Most of the people in that room had never seen or heard of Meg Harris until she was wheeled into the theater, looking like a not-quite-human thing that morning, and yet they had cared not just that a good job should be done, but they cared that her breast should be saved, and possibly her life. I had misjudged them. The calm and uninvolved way in which the operation was carried out had led me to believe that they all regarded her as just number three on the list, just another probable mastectomy case. It wasn't their own skill that had made them so pleased, but the fact that they weren't going to have to use it after all. I would have expected a moment of euphoria at the end of a difficult heart by-pass operation, a celebration of their own tremendous surgical prowess, but here was everyone being pleased because Meg didn't have cancer. Even the students were moved and pleased, even the student nurses, even the hardened operating theater Sister. Did they have time to be pleased or sad at the end of every operation every day? I think they probably did.

It only lasted a moment, a brief sigh of relief and pleasure. Then, still holding the lump in his hand, Dr. Thomas leaned over Meg to show it to everyone and to explain how he knew it was harmless. He sliced it open, and said it was white and pulpy, had liquid inside, was not a sinister dark grey. It was a complete surprise, quite unexpected. Externally there had been all the characteristics of malignancy. He dropped it into a silver dish and it was left to one side to be sent to the laboratory later. ■

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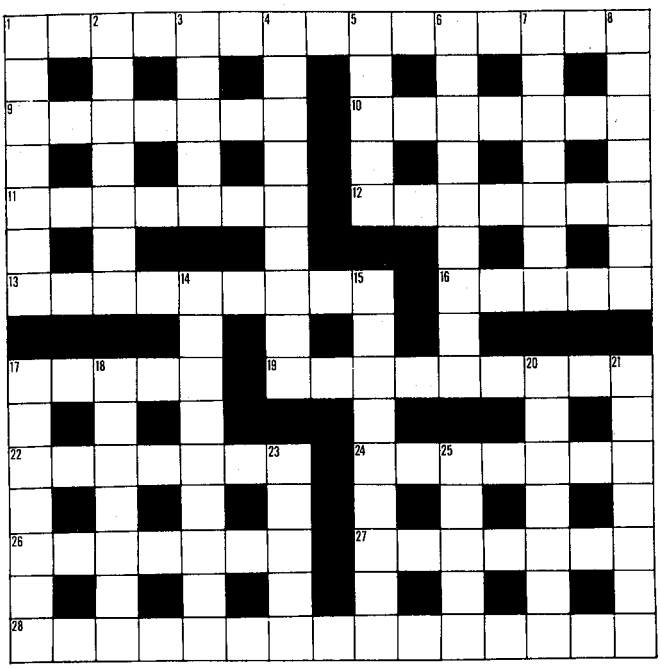
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Carter pledge comes out: "No firm more exact." (6,3,6)
9. Noise back around Virginia for tax sin. (7)
10. Albert and mother split by lawyers in Carter country. (7)
11. Copy at one time somehow. (7)
12. The famous tired so strangely. (7)
13. Right way to find words, yet gloomy wrong. (9)
16. Stranger in the end that blows up. (5)
17. A nice tie spruced-up coats. (5)
19. Give you a pair of seconds for victories. (9)
22. Halfbacks' vines? (7)
24. Citations for slates? (7)
26. Dangerous cooler? (4,3)
27. Let tail come around somewhat. (1,6)
28. Twiggy-types, the aim of 1 Across? (10,5)

DOWN

1. Way to increase power of deduction? (7)
2. . . . and more of same. (7)
3. Omar I—after sex-change operation. (5)
4. Re rodents: they make offers around. (9)
5. Searchlights at porno film premieres? (1,4)
6. It is really something eatable or minced. (7)
7. G-ration stirred for speaking. (7)
8. Go no place with strange demeanor lacking nothing. (7)
14. Where the action is for Teddy and Barry. (2,3,4)
15. Catchy ear could be part of Newport scene. (5,4)
17. See a rat upset gives gas. (7)
18. Stand-by Sting operation? (7)
20. Humble abode, a target of 1 Across? (7)
21. Ways to fix messy messy street. (7)
23. After continental in the flesh. (5)
25. With a hanger, Alexander is exciting. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.
Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 52.

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Bert Lance, the Press,

by Nicholas Lemann

Quick: why did Bert Lance resign? If that question is hard to answer in specific terms, it's no surprise—Lance left less for any specific misdeed than because the Washington tide had somehow turned against him. That's why all attempts at precise, logical explanation of his demise have ended up in this hopelessly twisted fashion: he resigned because so many people were calling for him to resign that he couldn't do his job.

But of course any case has to have particulars, and particulars there were. One of them that was especially dramatic, easy to understand, and attention-grabbing had to do with Lance's use of airplanes. As the charge is probably remembered, it was that Lance used a company plane owned by his bank in Atlanta as a personal vehicle—as part of what was called "a widespread pattern of abuse" of his position. Senator Charles Percy called it "abusive use of corporate aircraft." *Newsweek* said Lance "used the planes improperly for personal trips." *The New York Times* said Lance used the plane "extensively for personal—perhaps also some improper political—purposes." The strong impression, in short, was of Lance as a man who, in pursuit of one more ornament for his bejeweled life, wantonly broke the law.

Because of the way the story broke, it was hard to figure out exactly where Lance had flown and how his flights became public, but here is how it happened. In 1975, when Lance assumed the presidency of the National Bank of Georgia, he and his wife already owned a Beechcraft plane that they had bought for use in Lance's 1974 campaign for governor of Georgia. In May 1975, when Lance came to the bank, he leased it his plane, and two months later the bank bought the plane from him. In November 1976 the bank sold Lance's Beechcraft and bought another one to replace it.

By all accounts, Lance was hired to be an aggressive business-getter for the National Bank of Georgia, and it's clear that a plane was, in Lance's mind and the bank board's, an essential tool in the kind of business Lance intended to do. It's also clear that Lance did a lot of flying while he was at the bank, and that he is the kind of person for whom the distinction between personal and business trips is a very fine one. Lance was no nine-to-fiver; he liked to cultivate public officials and woo prospective clients in vacation spots. In any case, Lance says he paid back the bank for purely personal trips; the question, then, is over Lance's judgment of what constitutes a personal (and campaign) trip.

It's impossible to judge that independently, because the full records of Lance's flights have never been made public. What we know about his flights now has come from two sources: leaks to the press from the Comptroller of the Currency's office and from Senate aides, and questions in Lance's September Senate hearings by Senators Percy and Ribicoff. The

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and Company Planes

Comptroller's office subpoenaed the National Bank of Georgia's flight logs, investigated them extensively this summer, and then turned over a report on their contents to four federal agencies for further investigation and, it was assumed, possible prosecution. Senators Ribicoff and Percy, with the permission of Lance's lawyer, Clark Clifford, obtained the logs from the Justice Department and asked a long series of questions about specific flights.

In late summer, stories having to do with the bank's plane started to appear, first in *The New York Times*, then elsewhere. The Comptroller's office had found personal and political flights that Lance had failed to declare to the IRS (as income) and the Federal Election Commission (as campaign contributions). Lance had flown on the plane after taking office at the OMB. President Carter had flown on the plane free. The plane was used to ferry various people from Washington to Plains last fall. Lance had used government planes for personal reasons while OMB director.

Some of these allegations, after having been leaked once or twice, never surfaced again. Others were refuted—Carter, for instance, paid back the cost of his plane flights, although late, and when Lance rode on the plane in 1977 it had been leased from the bank by a Georgia friend of his. The use of government planes was, everyone admitted, not illegal, and Lance has paid the government back for them. Percy's questioning revealed a raft of flights around the South, including some to football games and to Sea Island, a Georgia resort, but Lance gamely held his own in the hearings and insisted there was some business angle to every flight he didn't reimburse the bank for.

So a rereading of the record on the plane flights issue leads not to any conclusions, but just some general impressions. First, the sources of information about the flights were all people interested in bringing about Lance's resignation. Second, most of what has been printed about the flights is not specifics, but value judgments made by these interested parties. Third, Lance is without a doubt the kind of high roller to whom a plane is a near-essential and who is not likely to be ever-vigilant about crossing the line between professional and personal use of that plane. Indeed, judging from what is known, it would be hard for anyone to tell at any time which side of that line Lance was on. So what emerges for sure is not so much a pattern of abuse as a pattern of how Lance went about his business. Any standard by which the use of the National Bank of Georgia plane was egregious enough to merit Lance's resignation is a pretty strict standard, especially in a country where so much of the white-collar population lives in an expense-account world. Thinking it over, I wondered if there was anyone who was willing to be measured on that standard as strictly as Lance was. It seemed doubtful, but perhaps the press, which after all had expected much of Lance, would feel it was up to similar scrutiny.

A little calling around to the bulwarks of the Eastern media revealed that it's not just bankers who have company planes. Time Inc., CBS, RCA (the parent company of NBC),

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and The New York Times Company all own planes, and The Washington Post Company, which also owns Newsweek, owned one until eight years ago.

Time has a G-2 Gulfstream jet, a Fairchild prop-jet, and half-time use of a helicopter, all of which it says is only for business purposes. Time got some notoriety during the Lance affair when it came out that it had offered Lance a ride on one of its planes, which Lance turned down. Lew Slovinsky, Time's manager of press relations, says the ride the company offered Lance was to an energy conference it was sponsoring in Williamsburg and was hence clearly a business trip (although Williamsburg isn't known as a business center, certainly). Time never gives candidates for office rides on its planes, and only flies officeholders around for official reasons.

Confidential Information

I asked Mr. Slovinsky if I could see Time's plane logs, in order to confirm what he said. It seemed to me Time didn't take Lance's word about his flights, so why should I take Time's?

"No," he said. "Why would you want to see the logs? Don't you believe what I just told you? I think that's confidential information. I don't think there's any reason to make that public."

Over at CBS, after several officials referred me to other officials, I was finally able to pose my questions to Robert Hummerstone, the director of corporate information. "What's the purpose of your questions?" he asked me. "Because of security we don't generally release details like that. I have a hunch I can't answer any of your questions."

I asked him what security meant. "CBS is in the public eye," he replied, "but that's as far as I want to go; I really can't articulate it." He said he'd have to get back to me.

Mr. Hummerstone got back to say CBS owns two twin-engine jets—a Grumman Gulfstream II that it bought in 1969, and a Hawker Siddeley it bought in 1977. They're used, he said, primarily for business, and on those rare occasions when executives use them for personal trips they always reimburse the company. Because of security, I couldn't see the logs.

I asked him how CBS could report on Lance's private logs and not let its own private logs be reported on. "Well," he said, "CBS News does the reporting. We're quite independent of them; they operate as a separate entity. Those standards—you'd have to talk to them. Although I wouldn't confuse tax dollars with private dollars."

Mr. Hummerstone referred me to Ellen Ehrlich, of the press information division of CBS News, and I posed my question to her. "They're not our flight logs," she said. "They're not CBS News logs. They're corporate logs. If they were News logs, then we'd report on them. Besides, Lance released his logs, right?"

I said no, the logs had been leaked. "Then that's a very different thing," said Ms. Ehrlich. "If they were leaked, then there's no reason why we shouldn't report it."

At NBC, the president and the chairman of the board, but nobody else, can and do ride on RCA's plane. RCA does not consider its logs public information.

The New York Times just this year bought a second-hand jet for business reasons, so that its executives could look at operations in the field. James Goodale, a Times executive vice president, read at some length from the flight logs over the phone, but wouldn't release them because he said they contain information about confidential business trips. "If the logs said we were flying down to Oscaloosa to look at the *Oscaloosa Gazette*, which is making millions of dollars, then that might get out and other people would get interested in acquiring it," he said. The flights he read off included one for Times executives and *Golf Digest* advertisers (the Times owns *Golf Digest*) to the Masters

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Tournament in Augusta, Georgia, but Mr. Goodale said this was purely to get more advertising.

In fairness to Mr. Goodale, he was the only press executive I talked to to whom it seemed to have occurred that there might be some connection between what his company does and what it criticizes other people for doing. It was all right for the *Times* to report on the content of Lance's logs while keeping its own under wraps, he said, because Lance's contained "ancient information." Lance "didn't have any ongoing confidential dealings," he said. "He was in government. We've done more to open our logs than any other company would do. I don't see any conflict."

I don't mean to give Mr. Goodale, or the other executives, a hard time; in fact, I think I understand perfectly the mixture of corporate and personal needs that company planes serve in America. I think most reporters understand it perfectly, too, and I'm sure most senators do. (Though you wouldn't know it from the comments on Lance's flights. David Brinkley, the well-known naif, suggested that the solution to the plane flights issue is to make political and business big-shots ride in pickup trucks, because "they ought to travel the way most of us travel so they can remember what life is like for those of us who work." Those of us who work in the White House press corps certainly must understand about planes, since they're accustomed to taking their families along at discount rates on White House-chartered planes to presidential vacation spots.) Corporate planes may not be one of our nobler institutions, just as expense accounts and perquisites generally are not; but the way to present the truth of these things to the American people is not to talk about one man's minute legal "abuses" and not mention anyone else's.

Calling news executives and grilling them about their planes, I felt a little silly feigning a complete lack of inclination to understand what their planes were for, and I wonder if any of Lance's accusers didn't feel a little silly too as they shook their heads in bewilderment that anyone could possibly behave as he had. And I'm sure headlines like TIME FLEW GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TO RESORT or CBS EXECUTIVES USE PLANE FOR PERSONAL FLIGHTS or TIMES EXECS, ADVERTISERS TOOK 'BUSINESS' TRIP TO GOLF TOURNEY, misleading as they are, would be as convincing as some of the headlines about Lance.

Shoehorning Them In

There's a larger point here, which is that the way officials are morally sized up in America today is askew. Narrow points of law are the prevailing standard, but the kind of broader evaluative judgments that are more important and ring more true are rare indeed—when they're made, it's usually by shoehorning them into the legal codes. Thus Lance's flights could be commented on in a gee-whiz tone, with no recognition of what might be called the culture of company planes, while, for example, Henry Ford II can raise nary an eyebrow by announcing that he knew about a deadly flaw in his Torinos for four years before doing anything about it.

Certainly "everybody does it" isn't high on the list of great excuses, and the Lances of the world usually don't need extraordinary doses of sympathy. But even if you believe businessmen are the last people who need any special pleading, it's still true that broad moral standards are often a better measure by which to judge people than narrow legal ones. At *The Washington Monthly*, where sympathy for businessmen and officials who break the law traditionally has not run high, we learned this in a dramatic way several months back.

It was late January, and one of our former editors, James Fallows, was just getting settled in as chief speechwriter in the White House, thus be-

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coming, among other things, the first high government official with whom we've ever felt total empathy. A year and a half earlier, Fallows had written a self-critical article in these pages about how he starved himself back in 1970 to escape the draft and the Vietnam war; he attacked the callousness of his generation of college students, who almost all got draft exemptions while letting their poorer and dumber contemporaries go off and die in Southeast Asia. Fallows' own way out of the draft was far more legitimate than most people's, and his statements of contrition about it were practically the only ones we've seen.

Worriers

The article was widely reprinted in newspapers in late 1975, but in January of this year it resurfaced in the right-wing weekly, *Human Events*. In a story called "If You Liked Ted Sorensen, You'll Love James Fallows," *Human Events* quoted liberally from the original *Washington Monthly* article and said Fallows had violated a section of the draft law. In itself that was no cause for concern, but then it came out that *The Washington Post* had a story in the works that would quote the *Human Events* piece's citation of illegality. Whether Fallows actually broke a law is uncertain, and Jimmy Carter had already both pardoned draft evaders generally and dismissed Fallows' particular case as unimportant, but we are worriers and we were convinced Fallows was finished. We imagined a screaming headline (CARTER AIDE BROKE DRAFT LAW), followed by a quiet resignation in disgrace.

Well, after a day of total panic it turned out that the *Post* decided not to do the story after all (it had already written about the matter when Fallows was first appointed, so a second story was deemed unnecessary), and all was well. But here was a case where, even if Fallows had broken the letter of a law, he was clearly off the hook morally—everyone of his age had done the same thing, and he was one of a very few who felt bad about it. But a story on the lawbreaking would have completely obscured any more general accounting of his fitness for office, when the general accounting would have been far more telling.

That seems to be the case most of the time in public controversies these days. When Sorensen was shot down as a prospective CIA director, it was allegedly because he had been a conscientious objector and had asked for (and been denied) a questionable tax deduction. These charges were so out of left field that it was plain there was some other, qualitative objection to Sorensen's appointment—wouldn't it have been better to know what it was and whether it was valid?

Again, when Greg Schneiders' chances of being Carter's appointments secretary were torpedoed, his stated sin was something it was terribly hard to care about—as a marginal small businessman in his early twenties, he had bounced a few checks. Even in cases where an official's larger wrong is clear, it is often obscured by the legal minutiae of the case. In October, for instance, Walter Pincus wrote an excellent story in the *Post* about Midge Costanza holding a fundraising party to pay off old campaign debts while on the White House staff—but the *Post*'s headline focused on the single minor point of the story that seemed to involve actual lawbreaking, which was Costanza's failure to file a report about the party with the Federal Election Commission on time.

In all these examples, as in Lance's, there is the sense that the most widely stated objections to the controversial figure are some sort of metaphor of what is really wrong with him. In cases like that, if the metaphor is taken at face value it's unfair to the person involved; and if the real problems are ignored, it's unfair to the taxpayers whom he's supposed to be serving.

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Memo of the Month

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
Manpower Administration
Washington, D.C. 20213

CLASSIFICATION
Testing/ES
CORRESPONDENCE SYMBOL
METC
DATE
June 23, 1975

DIRECTIVE: EMPLOYMENT SERVICE PROGRAM LETTER NO. 14-75

TO : ALL STATE EMPLOYMENT SECURITY AGENCIES

FROM : FLOYD E. EDWARDS
Associate Manpower Administrator
for Field Direction and Management

SUBJECT : ES Pegboard Equipment for Occupational Testing

1. Purpose. To advise SESA Pegboard users to use only hard plastic pegs with plastic pegboards and to discard worn wooden boards in GATB and NATB Testing Programs.

2. References. None.

3. Background. Studies comparing test scores on plastic and wooden pegboard equipment have shown that scores tend to be somewhat higher when wooden equipment is used. There are some indications from studies and comments from test administrators that use of the originally manufactured soft plastic pegs with plastic pegboards could lead to lower scores on Aptitude M.

It was because of this possibility that the manufacturer (Specialty Case Manufacturing Company) several years ago changed the peg design and began production of hard plastic pegs. Differences between the two types of pegs are that the soft plastic peg is easily scratched and has sharp edges; the hard plastic peg is not easily scratched and has rounded edges.

Another possible cause of differences in scores on wooden and plastic equipment is excessive wear on the wooden boards. With extensive use, the boards may have visible signs of wear, such as enlarged holes or grooving above the holes, which could lead to higher scores. State agencies should inspect their wooden boards and discard those with visible signs of wear.

A new study will be underway shortly to resolve questions on comparability of scores, but the results will not be known for several months. If raw score differences are found, separate tables for converting raw scores to aptitude scores will be developed for plastic and wooden equipment.

4. Peg Replacement. Specialty Case will replace any soft plastic pegs with hard plastic ones without charge. State agencies still using soft plastic pegs should contact Mr. Ben Aisner, Specialty Case Manufacturing Company, Test Equipment, P. O. Box 3067, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19150 and indicate the number of hard plastic pegs that will be required for replacements.

5. Guidelines. Users may continue using either plastic or wooden equipment in their operational testing. Since the Manpower Administration does not intend to eliminate either wooden or plastic versions of the pegboard, new equipment purchases may continue to be made for either plastic or wooden equipment from the approved manufacturers on the Supply List for USES General Aptitude Test Battery Materials.

6. Action Required. Please provide this information to appropriate staff and to all organizations with current GATB or NATB test release agreements.

RESCISSIONS	EXPIRATION DATE
None	August 31, 1975

DISTRIBUTION MA-A,B,C-20 each, D,F,L,M,O,J

MA 4-148
Sep. 1974

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Tidbits and Outrages

New Reasons to Eat an Apple a Day

The American medical profession continues to fascinate us. In a recent novel called *Coma*, several people died in a hospital because a harmful gas had been switched to the oxygen supply line in the operating room. Fiction, you say. Our hospitals would never let such a thing happen. Well, last month came this report from Norristown, Pennsylvania:

"Six persons treated earlier this year in Suburban General Hospital's emergency room died 'prematurely' after mistakenly being administered 'laughing gas' due to a mixup in supply lines, it has been revealed.

"The disclosure was made by a special Montgomery County coroner's committee formed last month after it was learned builders accidentally crossed the oxygen and nitrous oxide supply lines leading into the emergency room. The mixup went undetected from December 15 to July 6."

Another example of the wonders of the medical profession is the case of Dr. Robert J. Sherman, who, having been ordered to surrender his District of Columbia medical license because of his negligence in performing an abortion that led to the death of a 16-year-old girl, continues to practice medicine in Virginia.

Here's why doctors like Sherman want to keep practicing, as explained by the beginning of an article about a hunting trip by Michael Korda in *The New York Times*:

"Has anybody noticed that doctors constitute the new aristocracy? Like the gentry of 18th-century England, they hunt, collect paintings, and sail yachts. They're the only people left who aren't ashamed to be rich and show it, almost as if membership in the AMA automatically removes the inhibitions about money the rest of us feel—and opens up the world of Mercedes Benz 450 SELs, African safaris, $27,000 Purdy shotguns and solid-gold Rolex wrist chronometers. As a way to wealth, bad hearts are worth more than coronets.

"Which helps explain why a friend and I recently found ourselves on the way to Sag Harbor, L.I., in a Mercedes Benz 450 SEL, in the company of two doctors, with four shotguns in the trunk and a bottle of vintage Armagnac on the floor."

UPI Declines the Penalty

A minor scandal this summer in West Virginia was stirred up by a report that public officials had received free tickets to the state university's football games. United Press International broke the story and named names. The university then released a list of names of reporters, editors, and publishers who had received free tickets. UPI refused to run it.

. . . . and After This We're Going to Have National Landlord's Day

Here is a press release we received a while back from Edward Gottlieb & Associates on behalf of Florists' Transworld Delivery:

"Washington, D.C, Sept. 23—The Congress of the United States today heard a plea to help the nation's mothers-in-law achieve the high standing they deserve by passing legislation to create a National Mother-in-Law's Day on the fourth Sunday of each October.

"Each member of Congress was informed by a letter from Florists' Transworld Delivery that in actual fact, many people don't accept the description of mothers-in-law as interfering, nagging shrews. FTD said that recent information gathered by the 16,000-member intercity florists' delivery cooperative disclosed that 'people actually like their mothers-in-law.'

"FTD said that a notable son-in-law, Jimmy Carter, indirectly credited his mother-in-law with his election as President of the United States. He's quoted by the press as saying that if his mother-in-law had not brought Rosalynn up as she did, he would not have had Rosalynn's inspiration to help him make it to the White House.

"FTD attached a brief questionnaire to its letter to Senators and Representatives designed to ascertain members' views on a National Mother-in-Law's Day, and offered the cooperation of its members in this endeavor."

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The Bureaucrats Gird Their Loins

A private newsletter called "Budget and Program" has this advice for government officials on how to evade President Carter's reorganization program:

"When it comes time for you to reorganize . . . here are some thoughts to keep in mind, based on Presidential exercise:

"First . . . your agency probably has quite a few small boards or other entities attached to it. Cutting these down can make the numbers look good. If OMB is after you to eliminate them now . . . perhaps you can delay the action until reorganization. If not . . . be sure to take credit for these reductions when you reveal your master plan.

"Second . . . the boss may want to impress President Carter with large cuts in his own immediate staff. To solve the problem . . . you can transfer some of his people to other elements . . . just as the White House did.

"Third . . . consolidation of administrative units . . . is 'in.' Bring the loose ends together. You may be able to demonstrate savings. The Central Administrative Unit in the President's plan will replace about 200 people . . . but will require only 149, showing a saving of approximately 50.

"Fourth . . . if your agency is performing work for another agency, transfer the positions to that agency, as part of the exercise.

"Fifth . . . include some actual ceiling cuts. Almost every unit in the Executive Office of the President took at least token reductions."

What's Really Important In Our Troubled Times

We have from time to time expressed our concern about the growing trend toward self-absorption among Americans. Now comes Conde Nast Publications with plans for a new magazine called *Self*. The editorial thrust, its board chairman, S. I. Newhouse, Jr., told *The New York Times*, "will be to stimulate the understanding, enrichment, and realization of individual potential . . . self is more than ever important now; it's a title and subject that has come into its own in the 70s."

Life Among the Idealists

On September 25, Lee Lescaze of *The Washington Post* filed this report from New York:

"The antiwar movement came together again today for a victory celebration –another, if not a last, hurrah.

"The men and women who marched to rally opposition to the Vietnam war crowded into a Manhattan theater to shake hands with and welcome the Vietnamese delegation to the United Nations.

"Today, the protesters carrying placards outside were Vietnamese–about 250 exiles singing the songs and waving the flags of their vanished nation, South Vietnam.

"Some of the roughly 2,500 Americans making their way into the theater tried to sing down the Vietnamese. None appeared interested in the placards proclaiming that 'Vietnam tramples upon human rights.'. . .

" 'Isn't it good to be here?' asked Cora Weiss, the event's organizer and longtime opponent of America's Vietnam policy. In the crowded lobby, guest after guest agreed. 'Smile, this is a great day,' one woman told a friend. 'Isn't this great?' people said upon meeting. And they stood, applauded, and whistled for minutes when the Vietnamese delegation entered the theater after shaking hands for an hour on a receiving line in the lobby. . . .

"David Dellinger, who has marched in unpopular causes since World War II, made it clear that he sees a new wrong for the movement to right. He cannot understand, Dellinger told the crowd, how anyone who favored the independence and sovereignty of Vietnam would not favor the independence of Puerto Rico. Dellinger's reference to 'the war against the Puerto Rican people' was cheered.

"Cora Weiss pledged that the organization she heads, Friendshipment, would launch a new campaign to persuade President Carter and Congress to approve U. S. aid for Vietnam. . . .

"The mood was joyful, but not markedly forgiving. There was warm applause for Ho Chi Minh, but only scattered handclaps when Weiss said the United States is 'a great nation.' That was not what the people came to hear. This was a victory party, and the United States lost the war."

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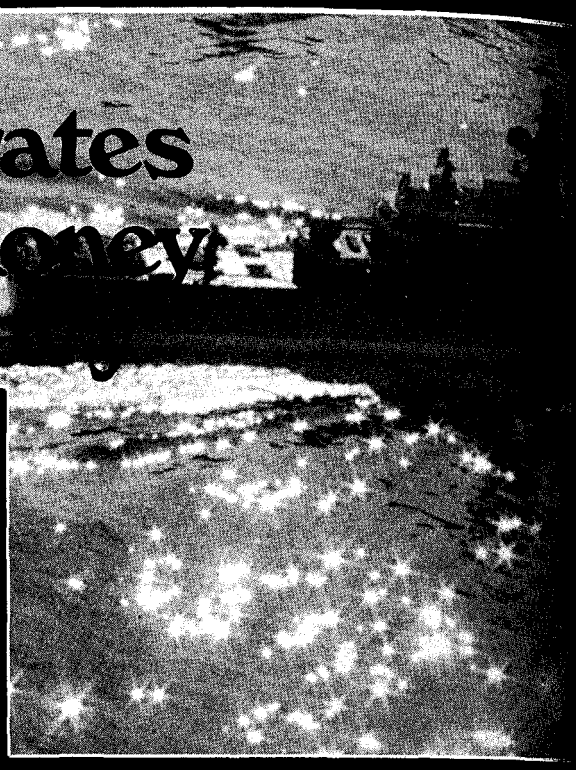
How the Conglomerates Get Free Money From the Navy



by John F. Winslow

America's biggest shipbuilders have been putting up a great hue and cry lately over the stinginess of the Navy. They say they're being driven to bankruptcy when they build Navy ships because they're unable to extract full payment from the Scrooges in the Pentagon. Glenn McDaniel, a Litton Industries executive, said in a heart-rending interview with *Time* not long ago, "you cannot expect a private company to finance the U.S. Navy." At the moment, shipbuilders have $2.3 billion in unpaid claims for construction costs.

This may sound very sad, but it's also very misleading. The unpaid claims are large, it's true, but for reasons precisely opposite to those put forth by the shipbuilders: the claims speak not to the Navy's parsimony, but to the ease with which it can be taken to the cleaners by unscrupulous contractors. Because of the way Navy contracts (among others in the government) are set up, shipbuilders can and do keep upping what they say are their costs during construction, and the Navy will usually keep paying for these inflated claims. As a result, building ships for the Navy can be a way of getting what amounts to free money from the government—and claims are so high now because huge conglomerates, seeing the possibilities in this arrangement, have moved into the shipbuilding business and started raising their claims to outrageous heights.

The contracting system is flexible to allow compensation for late changes in specifications or unavoidable delays, but it's notable chiefly for all the enticements to rob the Navy that it offers. Initial contracts can be bid at artificially low rates, in the knowledge that they can be jacked up later on. Spectacularly dubious costs are claimed. And when the Navy balks at paying up, shipbuilders threaten to halt construction—a tactic that is impossible to combat, because it's too late for the contract to be sent elsewhere.

There are a couple of cases that show what can happen:

In the late 1960s Tenneco bought the Newport News shipyards and quickly began taking full advantage of the claims system. When it built the nuclear cruisers U.S.S. *California* and U.S.S. *South Carolina*, for instance, it

John Winslow, former counsel to the House Committee on the Judiciary, Antitrust Subcommittee, is the author of Conglomerates Unlimited: The Failure of Regulation *(Indiana University Press).*

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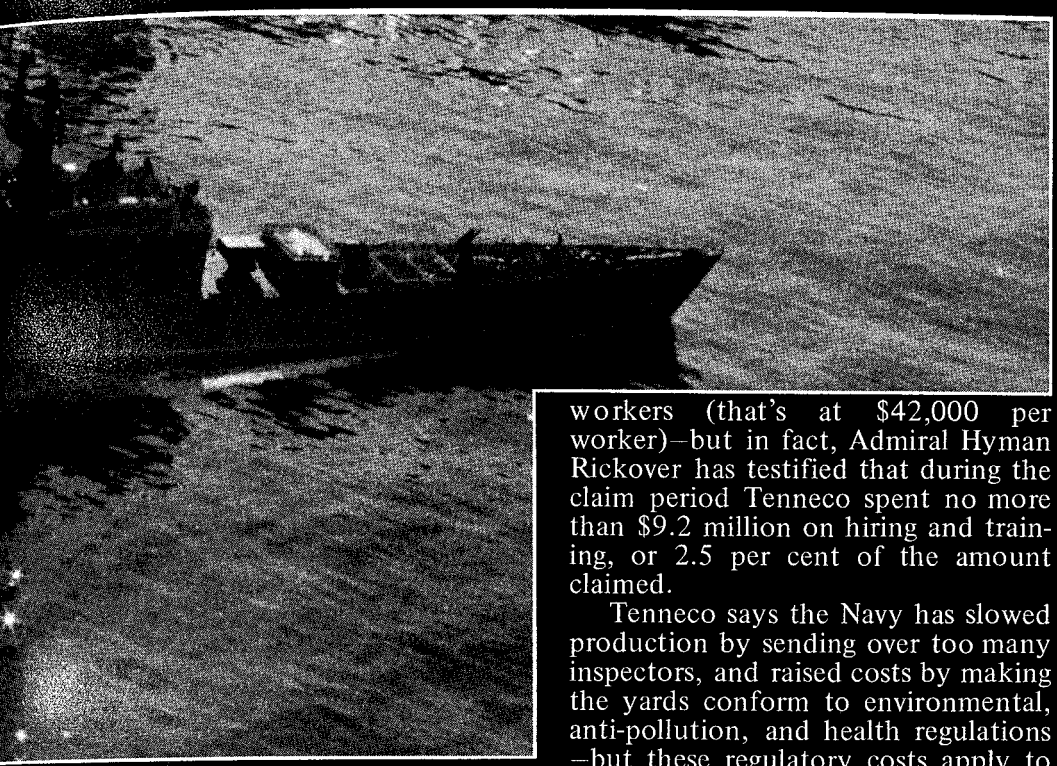

submitted a claim for $151 million beyond the original contract price—and settled for less than a third of that amount, which seems to indicate that the $151 million was a bargaining position rather than a reflection of actual costs. Now Tenneco's claims amount to $900 million to cover the construction of the nuclear aircraft carriers *Eisenhower, Nimitz,* and *Vinson.*

Tenneco says unforeseen inflation has driven the costs up—but Navy contracts are already automatically adjusted for inflation.

Tenneco says if the claims don't come through it may have to stop construction, and even close down the yards—but its profits from Newport News have been consistently high, exactly how high it won't say.

Tenneco says the Navy has hired away a large number of Newport News workers to work in the Navy's own yards, forcing Tenneco to spend an extra $380 million to train new workers (that's at $42,000 per worker)—but in fact, Admiral Hyman Rickover has testified that during the claim period Tenneco spent no more than $9.2 million on hiring and training, or 2.5 per cent of the amount claimed.

Tenneco says the Navy has slowed production by sending over too many inspectors, and raised costs by making the yards conform to environmental, anti-pollution, and health regulations—but these regulatory costs apply to its commercial as well as Navy work, and the Navy is being asked to pay for all of it.

In unpublished testimony, William R. Cardwell, the official of the yards who was in charge of processing claims against the Navy, told the Joint Economic Committee earlier this year that any change in specifications by the government "has little to do with any construction delay. We used these changes to cover up inefficiency in late work." In order to prevent the Navy from knowing just how late the work was—and thus whose fault the delays really were—the shipyards showed the Navy fictitious production schedules, Cardwell, who has since left Tenneco, testified. He also said Newport News had told the Navy that a three-day strike had actually lasted 14 weeks. "Is it your testimony that much of the claims you worked on included exaggerated, unsupported, or inaccurate figures?" Senator William Proxmire asked Cardwell. "That is correct," he said.

At the same hearing, Vice Admiral R. C. Gooding, commander of the

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Naval Sea Systems, said the shipyards had shifted scarce manpower from Navy production to its commercial production, thus billing the Navy for work it did for private customers.

The case of Litton Industries, owner of Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp., is even more brazen. In 1967, five years after Litton bought Ingalls, the Ingalls manager informed corporate headquarters that the yard had deteriorated to the point where it couldn't compete against the other shipbuilding giants. So Litton got $130 million from the state of Mississippi and began to build a new Ingalls facility across the Pascagoula River from the old one. In 1970, Litton convinced the Navy that its unconstructed Ingalls yard was capable of (in the words of a report to shareholders) "the largest single contract in the annals of American shipbuilding." Sure enough, the Navy awarded the contract for nine amphibious Landing Helicopter Assault ships and 30 destroyers to Ingalls, which, while not the low bidder, had promised the most advanced technology.

Within two years, the ships were over a year behind schedule, and their price had doubled. Despite the delay Litton submitted claims of over $270 million for added payment for the construction—more than twice the cost of the facilities on which the ships were to be built. The claims were on the assault ships, and work on the destroyers couldn't begin until the assault ships were out of the way, so the Navy, to speed things along, canceled its order for four of the nine assault ships.

By 1976, Litton had delivered only one of the five assault ships it was supposed to build, but the Navy had paid it $830 million of the total original contract price of $970 million. Litton demanded the rest of the money immediately; the Navy refused; and Litton sued for permission to stop work. A court ordered the Navy to pay up, and now construction on the assault ships continues. Hearing the still unfolding story of the Navy's contract with Litton in a closed-doors meeting of the House Armed Services Committee in 1972, Representative Floyd Spence asked, "How did we get into this mess in the first place?"

'Very Acrimonious'

It's a mess that's difficult to get out of, too. Last year, the Pentagon announced it would pay off $740 million of the $1.8 billion that Tenneco and Litton were claiming without even reading the claims. Judging the claims on their merits, said then-Deputy Secretary of Defense William Clements, would be "a multi-year, drawn-out process, involving many, many lawyers, and a very acrimonious atmosphere"; it would be, in other words, "more expensive in the long run than to settle."

The reason for this strange attitude is that Tenneco and Litton have outlawyered the Navy, submitting an avalanche of evidentiary material so heavy that the Navy couldn't possibly size it up. Litton submitted a ton and a half of claims papers; for just one $270 million chunk of its claims, it submitted 15 volumes of summary, and this summary would have taken years to document fully. The Navy, meanwhile, had only one lawyer in charge of sizing up claims, partly because Tenneco and Litton had lobbied on Capitol Hill to stop the Navy from enlarging its legal staff.

At the last minute, under pressure from Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee, the Pentagon abandoned its plan to pay the claims without reading them, and they are now under adjudication. But the threat of work stoppage is still hanging over the Navy, and the contracting system that allows legal extortion of the Navy is under no major challenge. There's no end in sight to a system under which, in the words of one member of the House Armed Services Committee, "we are always paying double the contract price for half the constructed goods." ■

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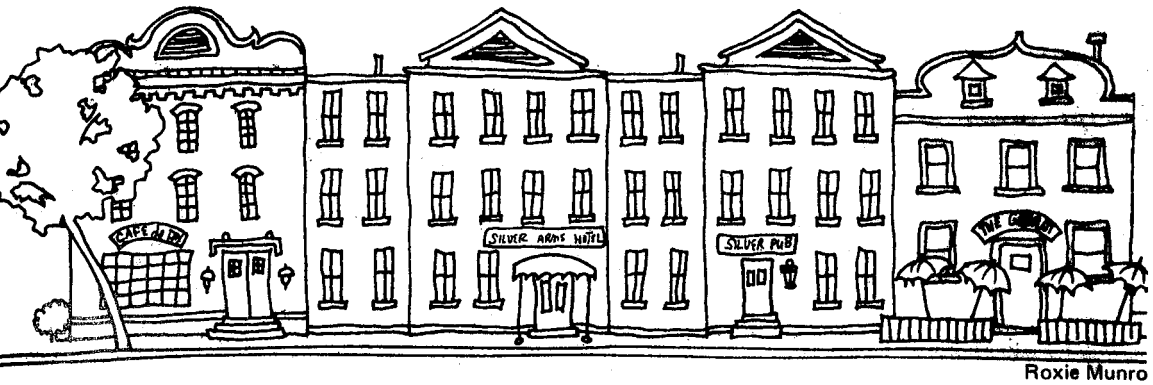

Roxie Munro

Where to Eat in Washington

by Jill Merrill

GEORGETOWN

There are more restaurants and different kinds of restaurants here than in any comparable area in Washington. None is truly outstanding so we have not used our usual asterisk to indicate the best. However, at least half of these restaurants deserve to be called good, and as our comments will make clear, are well worth patronizing.

American Cafe, 1211 Wisconsin Ave. No credit cards, open 7 days until 3 a.m. weekdays and 4 a.m. weekends. Formerly "Blimpie's" and before that "Britt's Cafeteria", this cafe offers good, clean, healthy American food such as salads, sandwiches, and soups, in imaginative and palatable combinations. Wonderful crepes for dessert. Attractive surroundings and reasonable prices make the **American Cafe** a bargain.

Apana, 3066 M St., 965-3040. Open 7 days until 11:30 weekdays, midnight weekends. *Haute* Indian cuisine cooked delicately and presented attractively in handsome surroundings, **Apana** represents a new approach to the usual heavy Indian fare. Although curries are offered, they are not incendiary, unless requested. Expensive.

Au Pied de Cochon, 1335 Wisconsin Ave. No credit cards, open 7 days until 2 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends; no reservations accepted. The food here is good, basic French (excellent *ratatouille*, for example) and goes somewhat beyond pig's feet, although they are good, too. Very popular so plan to wait in line. Moderate prices.

Aux Fruits de Mer, 1329 Wisconsin Ave. No credit cards, no reservations accepted. Open 7 days until 1:30 weekdays, 2:30 weekends. Under the same management as **Pied de Cochon**, the menu here is strictly fish. Although smaller in size than its neighbor, the service is better and the food subtler. Excellent mussels, chocolate mousse. A very good meal for a moderate price. As popular as **Pied**, but less frenetic.

Big Cheese, 3139 M St., 338-3314. No credit cards. *Closed Mondays.* Open 6 days until 11:30 p.m. Although originally the fare here was strictly "cheesy", the menu is more varied now and, like some cheeses, has improved with age. The surroundings are very attractive, if you can see through the people waiting in line. Expensive.

Bistro Francais, 3124 M St., 338-3830. A smart, attractive bistro in the best French tradition: a few dishes prepared and served well, good wines, reasonable prices. Adjacent to the **Bistro** is its more casual sister, **Pam Pam**. One can eat the same food here until later (2:30 weekdays, 5:00 a.m. weekends) in a simpler cafe setting.

Booeymonger, 3265 Prospect St., 333-4810. No credit cards, open 7 days a week until midnight. This delicatessen/cafe is the last word in sandwiches. The combinations are

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imaginative, the ingredients fresh, and the portions ample. To go or to stay—there are a few tables—Booeymonger is becoming an institution, and justifiably so. Inexpensive.

Cafe de Paris, 3056 M St., 965-2920. No credit cards, open 24 hours, 7 days. The first of the Georgetown cafes to come, it has been the first to go off. While some of the "deli" offerings remain palatable, the more ambitious dishes fall substantially short of excellence. Inexpensive.

Carriage House, 1238 Wisconsin Ave., 333-5400. Open 7 days until 2 a.m.; midnight on Sundays. A big restaurant with lots of rooms and noise. The building is early American; the food and service late American. Expensive.

Charing Cross, 3027 M St., 338-2141. Open 7 days, no lunch served on weekends. Bar remains open until 2 a.m. but kitchen closes at 11:30. This restaurant is rather inappropriately named since the specialties are Italian, not English. The pasta is fresh and many of the dishes are excellent. Crowded and noisy but, altogether, a pleasant place to eat. Expensive.

Chez Odette, 3063 M St., 333-9490. No credit cards. Open 7 days for lunch and dinner; Sundays dinner only. This is the grandmother of French restaurants in Georgetown, offering traditional French cooking at reasonable prices with consistently good service. An old stand-by with a loyal and dogged following.

Clyde's, 3236 M St., 333-9180. Open 7 days; weekdays until 2 a.m.; weekends until 3 a.m. This is a pub with good pub food. There are three sections: a bar with backroom where the noise level is about 90 decibels; a very pretty "Atrium" where, fortunately, the plants are as numerous as the people; and, an "Omelette Room" where both the atmosphere and food are more civilized. A meeting place for all types, it has survived many an imitator and even more competitors. Reasonable.

Diamond Head, 1010 Wisconsin Ave., 333-3940. Open 7 days until 11 p.m. weekdays; midnight on weekends. As the name implies, the cuisine here is like Trader Vic's, but with the exception of the tempura shrimp and spareribs, not as good. There is a fascinating noodle-stretching demonstration and a Sunday buffet—all one can eat—for only $4.85 served from 3 to 8 p.m.

Dino's Steak House, 1227 Wisconsin Ave., 333-0393. Closed Sundays. Open 11 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Very reasonable prices for most of their steak platters, there is also a children's menu and an understanding staff. Dino's has been around a long time and deserves to stay.

El Tio Pepe, 2809 M St., 337-0730. Closed Sundays, open *for dinner only* until 11 p.m. Monday through Saturday. In addition to the flamenco dancers, **Tio Pepe** offers some excellent Spanish dishes in a charming setting. Expensive.

Four Georges Restaurant, 1310 Wisconsin Ave., 333-8900. Open 7 days for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Music and dancing in the evenings. Part of the **Georgetown Inn,** there are four different rooms with different decor and menus. On Sunday, a champagne brunch is offered from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Expensive.

Foundry, 1050 30th St., 337-1500. Open 7 days until 11 p.m. weekdays; midnight weekends. In a handsome new complex by the Canal, the Foundry is a delight to the senses. The space is well-planned and the decorative arts well-executed. The food, while also pleasing to the eye, is at its best at its least ambitious; sandwiches and salads, for example, are excellent. Expensive.

Gate Soup Kitchen, 3338 M St. Open 7 days from 11:30 to 11:30. No credit cards. This is a cafeteria with good, fresh soups and sandwiches. Reasonable and worth a trip.

Geppetto, 2917 M St. No reservations. Open noon to 11:30 weekdays, noon to 1:30 weekends. Closed *Mondays*. Excellent simple Italian food at reasonable prices. Very crowded so plan to wait in line; by all accounts, a tremendous bargain.

Guards, 2915 M St., 965-2350. Open from 11 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. 7 days. This is an expensive restaurant where one pays for the atmosphere. The food is mediocre; but, since the average age of the *clientele* is about 22, the food is probably irrelevant.

Guncher's, 3403 M St., 965-5065. Open 7 days until 1 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends. Sort of a **Clyde's** (see above) for children, this place is a circus. Pinball machines, games, loud music, the odd birthday party, all make this a cheap, amusing place to eat—if you're 16 and under, or with same.

Hot Diggity Dog, 2833 M St. No credit cards

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or reservations. Open 7 days; until 10 p.m. weekdays, midnight weekends. This restaurant started out with a bang; preservative-, dye-free dogs with imaginative garnishments. Then, sad to say, Julia Child gave it her benediction (a hot dog is named after her in gratitude) which turned out to be the kiss of death. The hot dogs are dry and the service stinks. Come back, Julia, and give this place a malediction. Cheap.

Japan Inn, 1715 Wisconsin Ave., 337-3400. Closed Sundays. Open noon to 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday. A handsome restaurant with subtle accommodations to Western tastes. Expensive but worth a trip for those who like delicately-prepared and well-served tempura and sukiyaki dishes.

Jour et Nuit, M St. at corner of 30th, 333-1033. Open 7 days until 11 p.m.; *dinner only* on weekends. This restaurant, which is on the second floor of an historic house, has a lovely terrace and two charming dining rooms. The menu is a bit too ambitious, perhaps, but the specials are good and the wines excellent. Expensive.

La Chaumiere, 2813 M St., 338-1784. Closed Sundays. Open until 11 p.m. weekdays; midnight weekends. An attractive restaurant with a "country" atmosphere, **La Chaumiere** offers classically simple French food at reasonable prices.

La Nicoise, 1721 Wisconsin Ave., 965-9300. Closed Sundays. A very popular restaurant with expensive food ranging in quality from excellent to atrocious. The atmosphere is positively vaudevillian: the waiters wear roller skates and there is a floor show (apart from the waiters). If you like dining out on New Year's Eve, you'll love this place.

La Potagerie, 3207 M St., 965-4710. No credit cards, closed Mondays. Open until midnight Tuesday through Sunday. A new cafeteria offering about 10 freshly-made soups. Although an excellent idea, it seems awkwardly executed. One cannot simply buy a bowl of soup; there is a "package deal" so it's not so cheap as it first appears. Still, **La Potagerie** is far superior to other fast food joints and the soups are delicious.

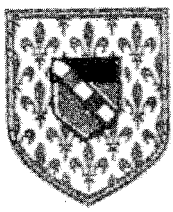
La Ruche, 1206 30th St., 965-2684. No credit cards, open until midnight Monday through Thursday, until 2 a.m. weekends. Closed Sundays. This is an absolutely charming cafe with excellent food and pastries. It is also crowded—as the name implies—so reservations are recommended. Reasonable.

Last Tycoon Saloon, 3057 M St., 337-3096. Open 7 days until midnight. Handsomely decorated, this new restaurant serves basic American fare at relatively reasonable prices.

Le Canard, 3288 M St., 338-3121. Open 5:30 to 11 p.m. 7 days. **Le Canard**, **Le Pescadou** (see below), and **La Nicoise** share the same management, but their *cuisines* differ widely. **Le Canard** offers duck with a variety of sauces as well as chicken. Expensive.

Le Golden Champignon, 1079 Wisconsin Ave., 955-3392. Open 7 days until 1 a.m. weekdays; 3:30 on weekends. The mushroom lover will wallow in the extensive and well-prepared offerings of this restaurant. The prices are reasonable and, while other kinds of food are available, it is the mushroom dishes that deserve attention and praise.

Le Pescadou, 3280 M St., 338-0900. Open 7 days for dinner only. Expensive, **Le Pescadou** is to fish what **Le Canard** is to duck. The menu is not too ambitious so the quality of the entrees is good to excellent.



Jean-Pierre
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The service is poor which, at these prices, is unforgivable.

Le Steak, 3060 M St., 965-1627. Dinner only, 7 days. Like its twin in New York, this restaurant does one thing *very* well. There is a fixed price offering of steak–with a splendid sauce–french fries, and salad, with a variety of desserts. The efficiency of the service and the consistency of the excellence of the food is a model for all restaurants. Expensive and crowded but worth the cost and the wait.

Maharaja, 1639 Wisconsin Ave., 338-4692. Dinner only Sunday and Monday, lunch and dinner Tuesday through Saturday. Although the dining room is civilized and small, this is a good family restaurant. Children's dishes are offered in addition to an extensive Indian cuisine. Inexpensive.

Martin's, 1264 Wisconsin Ave., 333-7370. No credit cards, no reservations. Open 7 days 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. One of the oldest establishments in Georgetown, Martin's is favored by Washington denizens. Totally unpretentious, the fare is standard American, and the prices are moderate. While some of the seafood dishes are good, the food and service are, generally, indifferent, unless you are a regular. Good people watching.

Martinique, 3107 M St., 338-1080. Open 7 days, dinner only. Caribbean specialties which, by all accounts, are good and moderately priced; exotic coffees.

Nathan's, 3150 M St., 338-2000. Dinner served 7 days, lunch and dinner on weekends until 11 p.m. Always crowded and swinging, the pasta used to excel the noise level. Since this no longer seems to be the case, there is really little to recommend **Nathan's** unless one is more interested in acting single than eating. Expensive.

Publick House, 3218 M St., 333-6605. Open for brunch on Saturday and Sunday, dinner 7 days. Attractively decorated, the Publick House offers both substantial and light dishes, all very American. An extensive salad bar and reasonable prices make this a good stopping-off place.

Port O'Georgetown, 1054 31st St. (Canal Square Complex), 338-6600. Open 7 days for lunch and dinner. This is an attractive place to eat if you are shopping in this handsome square. The prices are surprisingly moderate for well-prepared and well-served American cuisine. Buffet lunch of soup, salad, sandwiches for only $3.50.

Rive Gauche, Wisconsin Ave. & M St., 333-6440. Not open for lunch Sunday. Under new management with a new chef, **Rive Gauche** is trying hard to rid itself of its Gallic disposition while retaining the best French cuisine. There is definitely a new kindliness in the air but our food was tepidly served at a tepid temperature. The sauces are sublime, however, and the ambiance is elegant, right down to the red rose on the table. Expensive.

1789, 1226 36th St., 965-1789. Dinner only from 6 to 11 p.m. 7 days. (Near Georgetown University.) Expensive, with excellent food –French and American–imaginatively prepared. Unusual offerings, such as reindeer, and a collegiate, but civilized, ambiance make this a justifiably popular place.

Swenson's, 1254 Wisconsin Ave. Open weekdays until 1:30 a.m.; Saturday and Sunday until 2 a.m. Marvelous ice-creams and light salads and sandwiches served here to a patient and dogged clientele. The lines are long but the wait is worth it. Inexpensive.

Tandoor, 3316 M St., 333-3376. Lunch and dinner served Monday through Friday; dinner only on weekends. The first restaurant here to serve Indian food cooked over charcoal in a clay pit (Tandoor). Expensive but, by all accounts, very good and unusual.

Trudie's, 3299 M St., 338-3200. Open 7 days for lunch and dinner until 3 a.m. weekdays, 4 a.m. weekends. Handsome, "uptown" decor with expensive Chinese cuisine. In an attempt to westernize the entrees, a certain blandness emerges. Not really worth the cost.

Vietnam Georgetown Restaurant, 2934 M St., 337-4536. No credit cards. Open 7 days until 11:30 weekdays, midnight weekends. This is an excellent restaurant which offers a variety of beef, pork, chicken, and shrimp dishes at moderate prices. Garden in back. Inexpensive.

Viet Huong, 2932 M St., 337-5588. Smaller and slightly cheaper with better soups and spring rolls but less crisp fried shrimp than its next door neighbor.

Yes, 1039 31st St., 338-6950. Washington's original natural food restaurant still offers good food at moderate prices.

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

Now that Lance has left, **James McIntyre** and **Bowman Cutter** are running the OMB, but neither is likely to be named director. McIntyre, according to those who know White House thinking, is regarded as a capable deputy but as lacking the presence of a director. Cutter is thought to be bright and able but too young for the top job . . . . **Rick Hutto**, who was described by the press as "resigning" from his White House job, did so only after being tipped by a friend that his separation papers were being processed . . . . Since we told you last month that **Hamilton Jordan** was getting into foreign policy, his friends are anxious for it to be known that he had nothing to do with the Soviet-American agreement on the Mid-East. Reportedly, he thinks that the American policy is right but could not have been presented in a more tactless manner to the Israelis and to American Jewry . . . .**Robert Nastanovich**, **Midge Costanza**'s deputy, was one of the few victims above the rank of secretary in the recent White House staff reduction . . . . If **Bob Bergland**'s reorganization of the Department of Agriculture is typical of what Carter's reorganizers are going to do, don't expect revolutionary change. Forty administrative units will be reduced to 26, but none of the department's employees will be fired, and the reorganization, in Bergland's words, "may not save any large amounts of money."

Appointments Since Our Last Issue:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Personnel Director—James F. Gammill, Jr., a young veteran of the Carter campaign, moved up to the top personnel office spot after serving as deputy director of the office. Gammill replaces James B. King, who has moved to the National Transportation Safety Board.

AGRICULTURE

Board of Governors, Farm Credit Administration—Owen Cooper is a resident of Yazoo City, Mississippi who opened his home to President Carter when Carter held a "town meeting" there last summer. The Farm Credit Administration supervises the cooperative banks that make up the Farm Credit System. Cooper is retired and a former director of the Mississippi Council of Farm Cooperatives and Executive Director of the Mississippi Farm Bureau Federation. He will collect $100 for every day he must travel to Washington on business.

State Director of the Farmers' Home Administration—Lowell A. Pannell is the first black to hold a state directorship in this agency. A career employee of the FmHA, Pannell will have charge of California, Hawaii, and the Pacific Islands. Pannell became the first black to head a county farmers' administration office 19 years ago.

Inspector General—Thomas F. McBride has been director of the Civil Aeronautics Board's Bureau of Enforcement and was before that a Watergate prosecutor under Cox and Jaworski. One of Bobby Kennedy's assistants at Justice and in the 1968 campaign, he also served as Peace Corps director in Panama.

DEFENSE

Deputy for Intelligence, Director of Policy Review—Admiral Daniel J. Murphy is a native of Brooklyn who served as deputy to George Bush when he was director of the CIA. Murphy's responsibilities include budgeting and intelligence assignments for the Pentagon. This two-fold position also places Murphy in charge of intelligence and counterintelligence. Murphy is described as "a very strong leader who's able to hold his own in the bureaucracy" and is a four-star admiral.

ENERGY

Deputy Secretary—John F. O'Leary was fired by Nixon for being too tough on the mine owners as Director of the Bureau of the Mines and is now attacked by environmentalists for having been too soft on nuclear power while he was director of licensing for the Atomic Energy Commission.

Undersecretary—Dale D. Myers was a vice-president at Rockwell International. Myers

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will be responsible for energy conservation programs and for overseeing spending programs. He was involved with two projects that were axed by the President—the B-1 bomber and the Clinch River, Tennessee breeder reactor.

Assistant Secretary for Energy Technology—Robert D. Thorne, once an Atomic Energy Commission official, was acting assistant administrator for nuclear energy at the Energy Research and Development Administration.

Assistant Secretary for Policy and Evaluation—Alvin L. Alm was assistant administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency and has been a top member of Secretary Schlesinger's White House staff.

Assistant Secretary for International Affairs—Harry E. Bergold, Jr. is a former State and Defense Department official who has been Schlesinger's advisor on world affairs.

Director of Energy Research—John M. Deutch, once a systems analyst at the Pentagon, was chairman of the Chemistry Department at MIT.

Administrator of the Economic Regulatory Administration—David J. Bardin will direct the energy pricing and allocation functions of the department. He was deputy administrator of the Federal Energy Administration.

Assistant Secretary for Intergovernmental and Institutional Relations—Phillip S. Hughes was an assistant comptroller general, director of the General Accounting Office's federal elections office, a Brookings fellow, and deputy director of the Bureau of Budget. He is also a consultant to the Smithsonian Institution.

General Counsel—Lynn R. Coleman was a Washington attorney for John Connally's Houston law firm, Vinson and Elkins. Coleman's nomination encountered some opposition because of his previous work as a lobbyist for the oil and gas industry.

HEW

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Planning and Evaluation—Peter Schuck was director of the Washington office of the Consumers Union and a lawyer with Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law.

Commissioner of the Rehabilitation Services Administration—Robert R. Humphreys was special counsel to the Senate Human Resources Committee. He is also a former staff member of the Air Transport Association of America.

Special Assistant to the Secretary for Planning and Information—Bernice Bernstein was the New York regional director of HEW. Bernstein's new post involves planning in welfare reform, national health insurance, and related matters. She has been replaced in New York by Cesar A. Perales, who was director of the Criminal Justice Coordinating Council in New York City.

Director, Office of Civil Rights—David Tatel was a partner in a leading Washington law firm, Hogan and Hartson.

JUSTICE

Deputy Assistant Attorney General, Civil Division—William Schaffer is a former training officer for the Public Defender Service.

LABOR

Administrator, Office of Youth Programs, Employment, and Training Administration—Robert Taggart III, a former executive director of the National Council on Employment Policy, took over this brand-new program.

STATE

Ambassador to Bolivia—Paul Boeker was a member of the Secretary of State's Policy Planning Staff.

Ambassador to Romania—O. Rudolph Aggrey is a black career diplomat who previously served as envoy to Senegal and Gambia.

Ambassador to Phillipines—David D. Newsom is a pro in this post, having already served as ambassador to Indonesia. He is also former assistant secretary of State for African affairs.

Ambassador to Colombia—Diego C. Ascencio is a career diplomat born in Spain. Ascencio is a 20-year veteran of the Foreign Service and was deputy chief of mission at the American embassy in Caracas, Venezuela.

Director, Bureau of Intelligence and Research—Harold H. Saunders was a member of Henry Kissinger's inner circle of foreign policy experts.

TREASURY

Deputy Tax Legislative Counsel—John M. Samuels is a New York lawyer and former partner with the firm of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer, and Wood. He was also an adjunct professor of law at New York University.

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AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Federal Trade Commission

Coordinator of Federal-State Relations in the Office of the Executive Director—Isaiah T. Creswell, Jr. served as assistant staff director for the U.S. Civil Rights Commission from 1969 until this May. After that, he was a volunteer with the National Coalition for a Consumer Protection Agency.

National Security Council

Director of Soviet Affairs—Reginald Bartholomew is a political scientist who has been involved in arms control negotiations with the Soviet Union since 1968. He is now a deputy director of political-military affairs at the State Department.

Defense Civil Preparedness Agency

Deputy Director—Clifford E. McLain is a scientist-engineer whose Army-civilian profession goes back to the 1950's, when he worked with the Wernher von Braun team in Huntsville, Alabama.

National Endowment for the Arts

Chairman—Livingston L. Biddle, Jr. was staff director of the Senate's special subcommittee on arts and humanities and before that was first deputy chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. His sponsors include the Hill's two big powers in the arts, John Brademas and Claiborne Pell, who was his classmate at St. George's and Princeton.

Environmental Protection Agency

Assistant Administrator for Research and Administration—Stephen J. Gage, deputy assistant administrator for energy, minerals, and industry, is a former White House fellow and has been an EPA staffer since 1974.

Federal Energy Regulatory Commission

Chairman—Charles B. Curtis was chairman of the Federal Power Commission.

Occupational Safety and Health Review Commission

Chairman—Timothy F. Cleary has been a member of the commission since its beginning. Cleary replaces Frank R. Barnako, who continues to serve on the commission.

Member—Betram R. Cottine was a special assistant to the assistant secretary of Labor for occupational safety and health. He is a former professor at the Georgetown University Law Center and a staff attorney for Ralph Nader's Health Research Group.

Federal Aviation Administration

Chief Counsel—Clark H. Onstad was a member of the Washington law firm Ginsburg, Feldman, and Bress.

Federal Housing Commission

Executive Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development—Sheldon L. Schreiberg was in the law firm Stroock, Stroock & Lavan.

Federal Communications Commission

Co-Chairman—Tyrone Brown succeeds Dr. Benjamin Hooks in this post, as anticipated. A black Washington lawyer, Brown is a former general counsel for the broadcast properties of **The Washington Post.**

RESIGNATIONS AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

WHITE HOUSE

Appointments Secretary to the Carter Family—Rick Hutto resigned to join the campaign staff of Georgia Lt. Governor Zell Miller.

Director, Office of Management and Budget —Thomas Bertram Lance, close friend of President Carter, resigned his post following weeks of controversy and three days of Senate hearings on his personal financial affairs and alleged mismanagement of two Georgia banks before taking his government post. Lance was the President's first Cabinet-level nominee and one of the most influential and personally popular members of the Administration.

INTERIOR

Director, U.S. Geological Survey—Vincent E. McKelvey, long time member of the Survey staff, was forced to resign his post when Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus decided to expand the role and responsibilities of the Survey. Andrus says that this expansion calls for a change in leadership and is seeking the aid of the National Academy of Sciences to find a replacement for McKelvey.

Agency for International Development

Assistant Administrator of Foreign Aid—Ted Van Dyk resigned his position as the third-ranking foreign aid official at AID after sharp disagreements with John F. Gilligan, AID's top administrator.

Civil Aeronautics Board

Member—Donald L. Tucker's nomination was withdrawn by Carter because of opposition in the Senate Commerce Committee based on some questionable financial dealings by Tucker in Florida.

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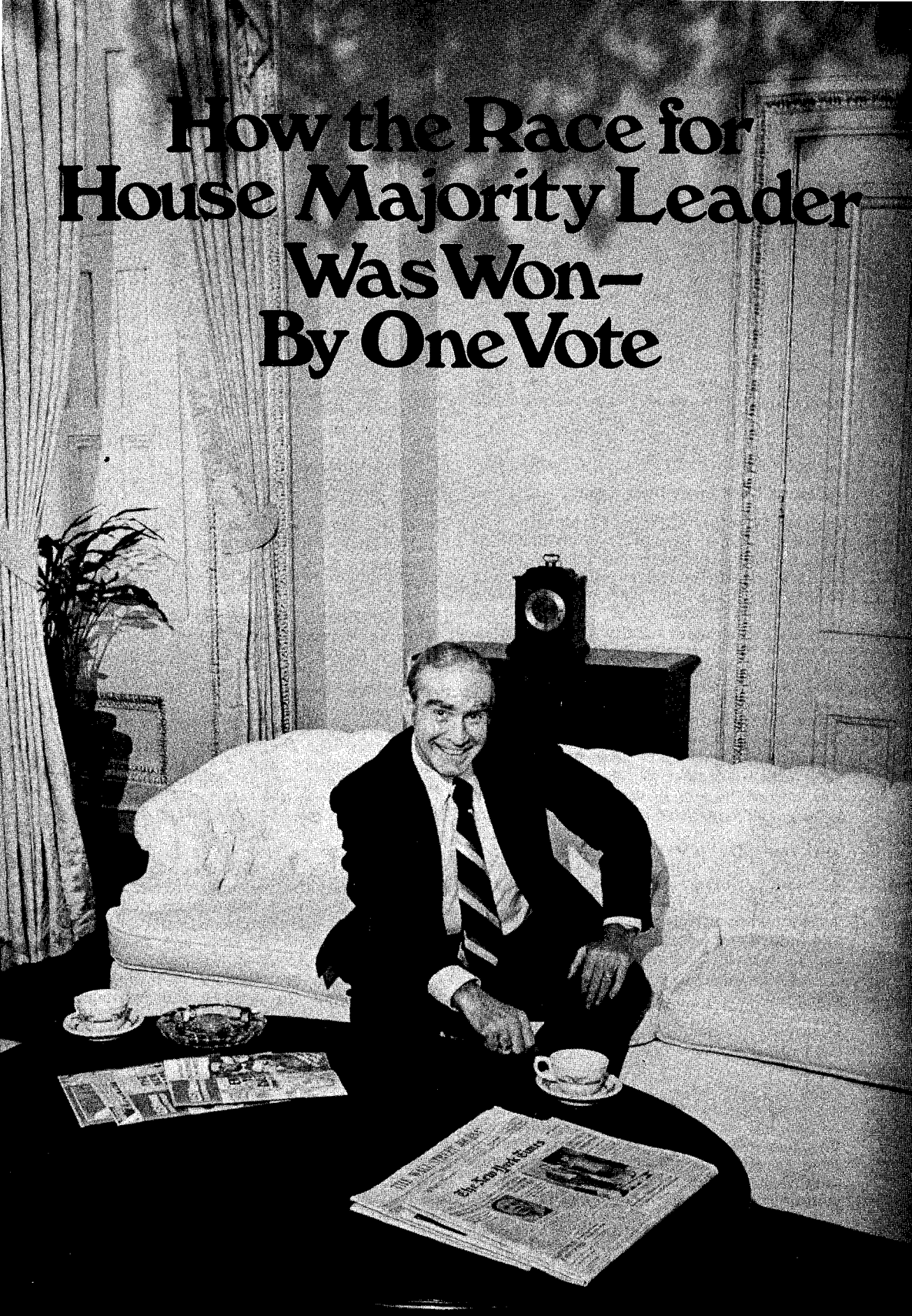
How the Race for House Majority Leader Was Won— By One Vote



The winner, Jim Wright

Diana H. Walker

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by Bruce I. Oppenheimer and Robert L. Peabody

At noon on December 6, 1976, less than a month before the new 95th Congress convened, the House Democratic Caucus—248 returning members and 48 newly elected freshmen—met to select its new leaders and transact its biannual party reforms. Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill, Jr. of Massachusetts, a popular and effective Majority Leader for the past four years, would be unopposed as Speaker.

But in contrast to O'Neill's easy accession four candidates—John J. McFall of California, Phillip Burton of California, Richard Bolling of Missouri, and James C. Wright, Jr. of Texas—had been fighting intensely for better than a year for the right to become the second most important leader in the House majority party. It would be the closest, most volatile, and least predictable contest for the office of House Majority Leader in the 200-year history of Congress; all the candidates except McFall could easily have won.

The House Majority Leader is especially important in party leadership activities for two reasons. First, the position is viewed as the traditional steppingstone to the speakership. Of the 14 men who have held that position in the 20th century, all but three previously served as either the majority or minority floor leader. Second, although ultimate power rests with the Speaker, the Majority Leader has major party responsibilities—marshaling the forces of the majority party on the floor; deciding which bills will come before the House and when; maintaining and improving external relations with the White House and the executive branch and with interest groups, the media, and the electorate; and working to insure the reelection of Democrats.

As a result of pressure from entering freshmen, the leadership contests on December 6 were open to the public for the first time in the history of Congress. The hundreds of reporters, relatives, staffers, and other spectators who looked on from the House galleries heard nominating and seconding speeches, listened intently to the ballot outcomes, and sensed the intense, behind-the-scenes maneuvering.

The first inkling of the results came when two of Wright's Texas supporters burst forth from the speaker's lobby, where the votes were being tabulated, and signaled enthusiastically to their colleagues. As Wright recalled:

"Two fellows came in the door holding up one finger with smiles on their faces. The first one was Dick White. I didn't know what it meant; I knew he was happy. I didn't know whether he meant there was one more vote to be counted, or that one finger meant w-o-n, or what. Then, I saw Ray Roberts come in, and when he jumped up in the air, I knew then that there was good news. I was kind of stunned. It dawned on others a bit before it did me, I think, because I was suddenly surrounded by people reaching over, shaking hands and congratulating me. I was overwhelmed by a tide of emotion, and then when the announcement was made, I still was in a kind of state of euphoria."

The final count, checked and rechecked by loyal supporters from both sides, was Wright, 148, Burton, 147. If Bolling had been in the runoff, everyone agreed, he would have beaten either Wright or Burton.

Why was Wright, the most conservative candidate, able to defeat liberals Burton and Bolling when, by all indications, House Democratic liberals outnumbered conservatives by a ratio of at least three to two? Wright was also the least visible nationally, and thus,

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in the eyes of the television and press reporters, least likely to end up in the winner s circle. And yet he won.

A Pragmatic Conservative

Jim Wright, a liberal by Texas standards but a pragmatic conservative to most of his colleagues, was the last candidate to enter the race. McFall, Burton, and Bolling all got a relatively early start in seeking personal commitments from other members. McFall, as Majority Whip, was somewhat reluctant to go all out until after Speaker Carl Albert made his retirement plans known. Burton, in contrast, was off and running almost from the time of his election as chairman of the Democratic Caucus. Bolling waited until September 1975 before he began his quest for commitments. Through the fall of 1975 and well into the summer of 1976, Burton, Bolling, and McFall less intensively, could be seen around Congress locked in conversation with isolated members.

Jim Wright did not begin seriously sounding out other members until late spring of 1976. Craig Raupe, one of his principal assistants, remembers driving back from West Virginia to Washington with Wright, following a March speech in the district of House Commerce Committee Chairman Harley Staggers. They discussed the strengths and weaknesses of the various candidates, and "the more Wright talked the more enthusiastic he became about the possibilities of running."

A close friend of Wright's recalled their joint assessment of Wright's three opponents in the spring of 1976:

"All of them had pluses, but all of them had weaknesses. Of course, that was true of Jim Wright, too, but we felt to a lesser extent.

"We thought McFall was beatable. At that time he was still the man to beat—the Whip, the natural heir to the majority leadership, and he had done a very effective job as Whip. On the other hand, there was considerable question about his ability to grow into the job. The Majority Leader is not just a point man on legislation; he has to handle the external relations, too.

"Burton—he had a significant constituency, the insurgency forces in the House, but we felt it had a cap on it. He'd been after the job for two years, but he still hadn't locked it up. Otherwise, why were McFall and Bolling still running?

"Bolling—he'd been a child prodigy of the immortal Sam Rayburn, but you can't be that forever. He'd run [against Albert] and backed off before. He was 60 years old; we just felt he'd worn out his welcome."

The first members Wright approached were his Texas colleagues—Chick Kazen, Jake Pickle, Dick White, Bob Poage, and Charles Wilson, among others. In response to their enthusiasm for his candidacy, he began to talk with other members, many of them friends who served with him on the Public Works Committee.

Dan Rostenkowski, the leader of the Chicago delegation and a high-ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, was an early and important activist in the Wright campaign. In November Rostenkowski would arrange for Wright to meet with Mayor Richard Daley and the Chicago House delegation, and at the very end of the campaign Daley would take an active role in contacting other big city mayors on Wright's behalf.

Wright finally announced his candidacy following a heartening series of discussions with prospective House freshmen at the Democratic Convention in New York City in July. By that time, Wright estimated, he had also talked with about 165 sitting members. He felt then, although he later had to reduce his count, that he would have the first-ballot support of 71 returning members.

His Maverick Career

Why did Jim Wright decide to run for Majority Leader? Why did he wait so long to enter the race? The answers

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The loser, Phil Burton

Diana H. Walker

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to these questions lie partly in Wright's background, his rather maverick political career, and the sources of his political support.

Through the Ranks

James C. Wright, Jr. was born in Fort Worth, Texas on December 22, 1922. After public school, Wright attended Weatherford College in his home town and, later, the University of Texas. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, he enlisted as a private in the Army. He rose through the ranks and eventually piloted B-24 combat missions in the South Pacific, earning a Distinguished Flying Cross in the process. Returning to Texas after the war, Wright married, became a partner in a trade extension and advertising firm, and took his first plunge into electoral politics. "He was the most liberal member of the Texas House," recalls Rep. Bob Eckhardt, who served with Wright in the state legislature and is now the leading liberal in the Texas congressional delegation. Ahead of both his time and his constituency, Wright called for the passage of measures like abolition of the poll tax, an anti-lynching bill, admission of blacks to the University of Texas law school, and a strong bill requiring the registration of lobbyists. Defeated after his first term, Wright was subsequently elected mayor of Weatherford, a suburb of Fort Worth.

In 1954, Wright, at 32, upset four-term Democratic Rep. Wingate Hazekiah Lucas in the primary. He went on to win the general election by 98.8 per cent of the vote and has since run unopposed in seven of his twelve bids for reelection.

Wright sought and got an assignment on the Public Works Committee in his first days in the House. His knowledge of legislation, his ready wit, and his willingness to work hard helped him rise steadily to a position of prominence and influence under a series of rather ineffective Democratic chairmen of the committee. By the opening of the 95th Congress, Jim Wright was in line to become the next chairman of Public Works.

In addition to his prospective chairmanship of the Public Works Committee—a credential Wright and his supporters would take full advantage of in the majority leadership contest—Wright's strength also stemmed from four additional sources. First, as a former Texas assistant whip and as one of three deputy whips under McFall and John Brademas since 1973, Wright had proved his loyalty and made useful contacts with other members. Second, Wright was chairman of the Speaker's Committee for the Democratic National Congressional (Campaign) Committee, which was particularly useful in establishing contacts with incoming freshmen. Third, he had gained some national visibility and a reputation for policy expertise during the 94th Congress as head of the Democratic Steering and Policy Committee Energy Task Force, which worked to put together an alternative to the Ford administration's energy proposals. Finally, his membership in the relatively close-knit Texas Democratic state delegation gave him a strong launching pad. Wright obtained the written endorsements of all but two of the 22-member Texas Democratic state delegation.

A Firm Commitment

The critical problem for all four candidates was how to contact their colleagues and the incoming freshmen and secure enough commitments from them for a majority in the December 6 Democratic caucus. Contacting sitting members presented little problem as long as the House was in session—until October 1, 1976—but gaining a firm commitment was something else. Every candidate had a core of members who volunteered their support, signed letters of endorsement, or otherwise became active in the campaign. But a substantial number of members, as many as 30 to 40, refused all along to take any

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position. A few members remained uncommitted going into the voting session in December.

By mid-summer the great majority of House Democrats had aligned themselves with one or more of the four candidates. So as more and more potential freshman members won local primaries, the candidates began to shift their focus to these prospective supporters.

Burton and Wright used the Democratic Convention in July to cultivate likely incoming freshmen. Under the auspices of the Democratic Caucus, Burton set up a hospitality suite in the convention's headquarters hotel. More than 20 Democratic candidates, only about half of whom would make it to Congress, got an opportunity to talk politics with Burton and potential financing with Russ Hemenway, the executive director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

Wright, taking advantage of his close friendship with Bob Strauss, the chairman of the Democratic Party, worked the convention in a different fashion. He tried to make prior contact through letters or telephone calls with every House Democratic nominee who would be in New York City. He set up individual breakfasts, luncheons, or afternoon cocktail sessions with as many of these prospective freshmen as he could reach, about 20 in all. Wright's pitch was simple and direct:

"As you know, I'm seriously considering becoming a candidate for Majority Leader. At this point I'm behind the other candidates but I would hope to catch up."

"Now, how can I help you in your campaign to be elected to the House?"

Wright sought no commitments at these private meetings, because he was not yet a candidate, but he did form about a dozen relationships that later, after extensive cultivation, turned into votes for him.

With the exception of soliciting the support of potential incoming freshmen, all four candidates went through a slowdown in campaign momentum from late July (following the Democratic Convention) until the final weeks of the campaign.

Increasingly, Wright found himself trying to align second- and even third-ballot votes in the event a member's first choice was forced to drop out. In the long run, these second- and third-ballot commitments proved decisive to Wright's victory.

Estimates of how the four candidates were doing as of late summer 1976 are highly subjective and impossible to verify. Assuming that at least 40 of those Democrats who were likely to be reelected would remain vague or uncommitted, then the four candidates were competing for approximately 200 incumbent Democratic votes. Most observers concur that Burton, with 60 or more firm votes, remained the front-runner through September. Bolling, Wright, and McFall appeared to have in the range of 40 to 50 firm commitments.

Flurries of Concern

Wright announced his candidacy on July 27, which set off flurries of concern in the three other camps, especially Bolling's and Burton's. Why were Bolling, Burton, and McFall so concerned with how Wright was doing? Above all, it was a simple calculus of votes– a strong new challenger represented a special threat to moderates McFall and Bolling. Burton preferred to be opposed by the candidate whom he would have the best chance of defeating. Because Wright's support came in large part from moderate to conservative House Democrats, the liberal Burton would have a good deal more difficulty gaining that support in a runoff with the more moderate Bolling than he would in gaining a majority of Bolling supporters in a runoff with Wright.

If there was a major area where Burton was vulnerable it was among the members who had been newly elected to the 94th Congress. With 75 returning members, the vast majority

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of whom had voted for Burton for Caucus chairman, this was a sizable bloc of votes that McFall, Bolling, and Wright could not allow to go to Burton uncontested. However, both Wright and McFall faced problems in making inroads with the class of 1974. Most were considerably more liberal than either Wright or McFall. It was possible to secure a few converts on regional or ideological grounds, but that would still leave a large enough bloc to almost guarantee a Burton victory. Bolling, as a liberal and a senior statesman, was the only candidate capable of making a serious dent in this group's loyalties, and by assiduous effort he did so, playing on Burton's hard-to-get-along-with aspect.

More than any other factor, Bolling's efforts to erode Burton's hold on the 94th class changed Burton from a candidate seemingly assured of victory to one who was vulnerable. By pulling votes away from Burton, Bolling not only helped himself, but may have helped Wright as well.

An Active Interest

The outcome of the November 1976 elections remained an uncertainty in the calculations of the four candidates for Majority Leader. In a close contest the defeat of supporters or an unexpected influx of new members could have a major effect on the outcome.

So it is only natural that Bolling, Burton, McFall, and Wright took an active interest in campaigns for House seats. This interest went beyond just keeping track of the winners of primaries, making congratulatory calls, and sending encouraging letters. All four majority leader candidates actively campaigned for Democratic House candidates, both non-incumbents and incumbents, but Wright and Burton were much more active than Bolling and McFall. Wright campaigned in 23 districts, ten of which elected first-term Democrats to the 95th Congress. He reports that he "crossed tracks at several points during that period" with Phil Burton, who says he appeared in about 20 districts. Of course it was easier for Burton and Wright to be asked to help candidates because of their formal positions or their close association with the House Democratic Campaign Committee apparatus. Wright chaired the committee's Speaker's Bureau, and Burton, as chairman of the Caucus, was an ex-officio member.

Not all the campaigning had positive results. One incumbent Democrat recalls that Burton spent a morning with him shaking hands outside a supermarket, but the member nevertheless ended up voting for an opposing candidate. Much of the campaigning that Bolling, Burton, McFall, and Wright undertook was on behalf of incumbents and freshmen already predisposed to vote for them. For example, of Wright's 23 appearances, almost half were in the South. Another large group was in Pennsylvania, which had been especially hard hit by flood damage.

In addition to campaigning across the land, all of the candidates except Bolling were actively engaged in fund-raising for Democratic House candidates. Bolling limited his involvement mostly to asking his friends among regular Democratic contributors to indicate their preference for his own

Answers to the October puzzle:

1 B	E	2 R	T	3 L	A	4 N	C	5 E	■	6 A	G	7 A	T	8 E
R	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	S	■	P	■	N	■	X
9 O	V	E	R	D	R	A	F	T	■	10 R	I	T	E	S
W	■	D	■	E	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	I	■	E
11 N	O	S	E	S	■	12 S	I	M	P	L	E	T	O	N
■	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	R	■	A
13 C	O	14 R	M	O	R	15 A	N	T	■	16 C	R	U	E	T
O	■	E	■	N	■	P	■	E	■	O	■	S	■	O
17 L	A	P	S	E	■	18 P	E	D	O	M	E	T	E	R
L	■	R	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	M	■	■	■	■
19 E	C	O	N	20 O	M	I	S	21 T	■	22 I	N	23 S	E	24 T
C	■	D	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	T	■	A	■	U
25 T	R	U	C	E	■	26 N	I	G	H	T	C	L	U	B
E	■	C	■	R	■	C	■	H	■	E	■	V	■	A
27 D	W	E	L	T	■	28 E	N	T	R	E	N	O	U	S

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candidacy. McFall, Wright, and Burton actively raised money.

When asked how a candidate for majority leader went about informing a member of his contribution, especially when indirect funds were involved, one member replied: "They let you know. One candidate even enclosed checks [from interest group or individual contributors] in a letter he sent me." In another incident, a midwestern freshman contender got a call from a used car dealer from Texas who wanted to contribute $1,000 to his campaign on Wright's behalf.

Forty-Eight New Democrats

The November 1976 election produced 48 new House Democrats, who differed from the 94th class in a number of ways. Most of them were elected from traditionally Democratic seats; many of the 1974 class had won in normally Republican districts. The 95th freshmen were also more politically experienced, with three-quarters having held prior political office; in the preceding class, it had been only half. Finally, they tended to be more conservative than those elected in 1974. In the 94th Congress, only 12 per cent of the Democratic freshmen were from the South (and two of them were from Virginia suburbs outside Washington), as opposed to 28 per cent in the 95th. In 1974 New York and California accounted for a total of 19 new Democrats. In 1976 the two states elected only three new members.

Of the four contenders for Majority Leader, Jim Wright was able to make the most of these differences. Just as the 94th class came from districts where Burton would appeal, the 95th class came from districts more susceptible to Wright.

Wright's campaign efforts for new members outside the South also helped him, especially in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland, where there was a strong interest in public works and flood control projects. The case of Allen Ertel of Pennsylvania, as recalled by Wright, provides a good example:

"I believed that Allen Ertel had a chance to win that race in Pennsylvania. I had been up there with him. He was very deeply interested in flood control matters. I think most of the analysis on which the others were relying gave Allen little or no chance to win. Therefore, the other fellows didn't devote much time or attention to him. I made the judgment that Allen was a good man, that he deserved my help if he had a chance to win. So I went up there and spent an entire day with him, going from one end of his district to the other, making maybe as many as 25 appearances before different groups. I supplied material to him that I thought would be useful to him. I think I was helpful to Allen and I think he was helpful to me when he seconded my nomination."

So it was Wright who made the most substantial gains from the November election. Not the least of its consequences was that it heightened the morale of his supporters and staff; Wright himself plunged into canvassing with renewed vigor. The Burton and Bolling campaigns, bolstered by the heavy return of the 94th freshmen, also took on added momentum. Only McFall, who had recently been revealed as a recipient of some of Tongsun Park's money, failed to generate additional support as a result of the election.

Within Their Grasp

As the campaign entered its final week, Burton, Bolling, and Wright all felt that the majority leadership was within their grasp. People in the Burton camp were confidently predicting a first-ballot showing of as many as 120 votes. Gillis Long was arguing that his candidate, Bolling, would go over the 100 mark on the first ballot. Jim Wright thought he would probably run second, with about 85 votes to Bolling's first-place 90. Until the final week, Wright had

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guessed Burton was the leading candidate with about 100 votes, but over the last few days he thought erosion had set in. McFall supporters were projecting no figures for public consumption, but privately they were hoping for at least 40 votes.

In addition to tentative counts, the Burton, Bolling, and Wright camps had concocted various scenarios by which their candidates would gain strength on successive ballots and win. Burton anticipated staying out in front on all three ballots. Bolling thought he would edge Wright on the second ballot and then defeat Burton handily. Wright was not sure who would be his final opponent, but he was optimistic about a steadily mounting number of second- and third-ballot commitments. He was still the dark horse candidate, but he felt he could win.

The last few days took on added drama and intensity, but much of it remained behind the scenes. The candidates repaired to their personal offices or holed up in a subcommittee room hideaway. Burton and McFall continued to work mainly alone, while Bolling and Wright had wives, top staff, and a number of close friends and supporters sitting in on their final decision-making. Telephone calls went out to "soft" commitments, and there were last-minute attempts to win over the supporters of McFall.

One of the most important activities of the final week—Wright's supporters believe it was *the* decisive event—was a luncheon Wright sponsored for the 48 freshmen and their wives. In a gesture of good will, Wright had invited his opponents to attend and address the new members.

From the Wright campaign's perspective, the luncheon went even better than anticipated. After McFall and Bolling had responded with good humor to Wright's introduction, each made a short, soft-sell speech to the freshmen. Phil Burton was the last to be introduced. His main theme was the importance of getting organized. The new members should follow in the footsteps of the Class of '74, which had almost immediately become an effective force in the House. Whereupon Wright got up, thanked Burton, and introduced Rep. Carroll Hubbard of Kentucky, the first elected chairman of the Class of '74. Hubbard agreed with Burton on the importance of organization, but then went on to give Wright a ringing endorsement: "I'm for Jim Wright for Majority Leader, 100 per cent."

Loose Ends

By Monday morning, December 6, the day of caucus, the candidates were still cleaning up loose ends and working out the final details of their floor strategies. Many last-minute activities could be delegated to supporters or staff. But having campaigned for six months or longer, the candidates found it difficult to sit back with just a few hours to go.

For McFall, it had been a relatively quiet final weekend. He had conferred with his assistant in the Whip's office, Irv Sprague, and one or two California colleagues. But mostly he just waited for the end of what he knew was a losing cause.

Phil Burton, by contrast, was all energy and nervous, highly directed activity. He reviewed lists of first-, second-, and third-ballot commitments. He talked with Abner Mikva and several other close friends about possible leadership assignments in the event of victory. He went over his final choices for nominating and seconding speeches. He talked to Ben Palumbo, his caucus administrative assistant, about procedures for the opening caucus. Since Burton was a candidate for Majority Leader, it was agreed that it would be best if he resigned his caucus chairmanship immediately. Former Caucus Chairman Dan Rostenkowski would preside until a new chairman could be elected.

In the Bolling campaign, there was a Monday breakfast meeting for members of his executive committee,

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with more than 25 representatives attending In addressing the group, Gillis Long was optimistic, if restrained: "Dick Bolling and I have counted this thing backwards and forwards and none of us can see how we can do worse than second on the first ballot. Quite frankly, I believe we might even win the first ballot." But he also warned Bolling supporters that if there were trouble, it would come on the second ballot. Each member at the breakfast was then given 3-by-5 cards, color-coded to designate people that he (or she) was responsible for contacting. As the meeting adjourned the participants were given Bolling campaign buttons to wear and to pass out to supporters at the caucus.

Bolling appeared relaxed and confident. He spoke only briefly at the meeting and then returned to his office to make a few phone calls. He also waited to hear whether Peter Rodino of New Jersey would agree to make his nominating speech.

Jim Wright's activity was relatively restrained that morning. Although a few close supporters continued to work in his behalf, Wright had largely ceased active campaigning. "The hay," he said "was either in the barn or it wasn't by then."

The Main Event

Democrats began to assemble on the House floor about 1:00 p.m. for the caucus meeting. They gathered in small groups at various points about the chamber like fight fans anxiously waiting for the main event to begin.

During most of the preliminary business the caucus buzzed with activity, and rumors continued to circulate. A distinguished southern moderate, who had been courted by both Wright and Bolling, walked by Gillis Long and in soft tones murmured, "I'm going to be with Dick." Behind the rail, Jim Healey, Rostenkowski's administrative assistant, watched quietly and would only comment: "The second ballot's the key." A group of Burton supporters discussed how to approach a member of their 94th Class from the midwest who was still undecided. The Bolling camp received word that one of the most conservative southern Democrats had been persuaded by another conservative to vote for Bolling on the grounds that Wright could not possibly beat Burton.

In the meantime the process of nomination was underway. Each candidate was allowed one three-minute nominating speech and three two-minute seconding speeches. Nominating speeches generally swing few votes, but in a close election and with 48 new members present, every possible action was important.

As the speech-making continued, politicking went on uninterrupted on the floor, with supporters of each candidate trying to sway undecideds or at least get second-ballot commitments.

When the speeches had concluded, members were given 3-by-5 yellow cards on which to write in their choice for Majority Leader. They began lining up in four alphabetically assigned lines to deposit their ballots in boxes and be checked off as having voted. Four tellers were assigned to represent each candidate, one for each ballot box. After some 15 minutes the boxes were taken from the chamber to the speaker's lobby, and the counting began.

It took another 15 minutes before the count was handed to Caucus Chairman Thomas Foley of Washington. As the chamber quieted, he announced the first-ballot totals:

Burton	106
Bolling	81
Wright	77
McFall	31

All the candidates had overestimated their first-ballot support by seven to ten votes.

The first-ballot results were heartening to both Burton and Wright. Burton was pleased to be leading, although not by as much as he had hoped for. Both Burton and Wright were encouraged that Wright was so

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close to Bolling that he might overtake him on the second ballot. The Bolling forces, on the other hand, were discouraged. They had hoped for a wider gap between Bolling and Wright.

Although he could have stayed in for one more ballot, McFall chose to withdraw. The second round of balloting began almost immediately. The supporters of the three remaining candidates fanned out to contact known McFall supporters. During the second-ballot counting period, Burton and Wright walked around the floor and happened to run into each other at the back of the chamber. Burton was quick to congratulate Wright. Referring to the McFall votes, he said: "We should each get about half." Wright said he would have to wait and see. Bolling, meanwhile, was seated, smiling and relaxed, in the front center of the chamber.

Several Surprises

As the tellers returned, it was clear from their various expressions that Wright was in and Bolling out. But when Foley read the tally there were several surprises:

Burton	107
Wright	95
Bolling	93

The closeness of the Wright-Bolling vote was surprising. A switch of two votes and Bolling would have been in the runoff. Even more confounding was the new Burton total. It was hard to believe that he had increased his total by only one vote. There was speculation that Burton had, in fact, shifted some votes to Wright in order to have a more conservative—and hence weaker—opponent on the final ballot.

Later, Burton strongly denied that he was involved in any vote switching:

"I believe in straight football. When I want a vote I ask for it. I don't believe in curve balls or triple laterals. If you are going to go out and win, you can't do that. It was too cute by a piece."

Whether in fact Burton did kick back votes would be debated long after the contest ended. But before the results could be fully absorbed, Foley announced the start of the third ballot. As after the first ballot, supporters of Burton and Wright used what little time was available to contact known supporters of the dropped candidate.

Wright had several reasons for hoping that he might take the final ballot. The night before the caucus Wright had received a call from a Bolling supporter:

". . . I had been verbally assured by one of those most active in the Bolling campaign that if Dick did not emerge in the final runoff, he and everyone whom he could influence would be trying to help me. And I have reason to believe that he fulfilled that commitment in an active way."

In addition, Bolling supporters who believed that Burton had kicked back votes on the second ballot were further motivated to support Wright over Burton.

As the balloting neared its end, Dan Rostenkowski, a principal Wright supporter, was standing next to a member in line who had already marked his ballot for Burton and asked him, "Why did you do that?" The member responded, "Wright doesn't have a chance, but if you want me to vote for him, I will." He promptly crossed out Burton's name and wrote in Wright's. After about 15 minutes, the boxes were removed and the final count began.

Second-term Rep. Charles Wilson of Texas was one of Wright's tally-checkers. As Wilson remembers:

"Near the end of counting my box, Burton was five votes ahead and just one card was left uncounted. Then I heard somebody at the other table say, "Jim Wright wins this box by five votes." I reached out like my hand was deadweight and turned up the last card. It was 'Jim Wright.' "

By the narrowest of margins, one vote, House Democrats had elected themselves a new Majority Leader. ■

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

A week after the "Saturday Night Massacre" of October 1973, Raymond Price, President Nixon's chief speechwriter, received a letter from a college friend:

"I know that it is your integrity and loyalty that keeps you from defecting from hopeless—and in this case unworthy—causes. I respect that . . . but I do not believe that you will even derive personal satisfaction from loyalty to a man who is at least venal, selfish, and the worst traitor to our country in its history—at worst, a felon . . . I urge you to consider . . . resigning."

Price did not resign, nor consider it until after August 7, 1974, when he sent Nixon a draft of the President's own resignation with a note attached: "As I believe you know, I think this has become a sad but necessary decision in the circumstances. But I do hope you'll leave office as proud of your accomplishments here as I am proud to have been associated with you and to have been and remain a friend."

I first met Ray Price in 1965 when we were both with the old *New York Herald Tribune*. He was the paper's chief editorial writer, a fact that struck me because he looked so young—he was in his mid-30s then—to have that kind of job. We talked about a story I was covering that he planned to do an editorial on. I've forgotten the subject, but I remember that he used the word "we" where I said "I" or "the paper".

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column is a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

Perhaps my memory is too convenient. I knew we were different kinds of men, that he certainly was closer to William H. Whyte's characterization of the organization man: "Of himself, he is isolated, meaningless; only as he collaborates with others does he become worthwhile, for by sublimating himself in the group, he helps produce a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts."

This month, The Viking Press will publish Price's book, *With Nixon*. It is his answer to that friend's letter of four years ago. The speechwriter, in the end, saw his President as "brilliant, complex, dedicated, often devious, sometimes duplicitous."

"In Watergate," Price writes, "I was less concerned with whether there had been an obstruction of justice than I was with whether Nixon would have a chance to complete what he had begun, domestically and internationally. . . . I care less about whether a President breaks a law than I do about whether he keeps the peace."

And, for the bogus organization man, Price has only contempt: "I thought [John] Dean's conduct was outrageous, and that in a similar situation I would have shot myself before following such a course. I meant it . . . . When issues of war and peace are at stake, obedience to the law seems to me no excuse for conduct at once so self-serving and so consequential."

So, the real defense—the historical defense—of Richard Nixon and the Nixon presidency begins. It is prob-

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ably healthy that it begins with someone like Ray Price, who is indeed a man of integrity, in the primary sense of being complete. He has a whole, consistent and honest viewpoint: Richard Nixon, operating well within the established morality of his office, was building a structure of world peace and effectively reducing the domestic power of an overgrown federal government when he was politically destroyed by resourceful enemies led by the Democratic Party and the press.

Only a fool would dismiss that thesis. But, at the moment, I would lean toward answering "yes" to a couple of questions Price raises late in the book: "What then was to be the standard for singling out one President for impeachment? Was it to be by counting noses, to see which one a 'dominant faction' could muster the votes to impeach? Was it to be by spinning the wheel of chance, singling out the one unlucky enough to have all his private papers exposed to the public view, thus providing the technical opportunity to impeach?"

A President had to be impeached someday to keep the office under control. Joseph Alsop probably had it about right in 1973 when he wrote: "This reporter has known three different White Houses in the range of very well to exceptionally intimately. They belonged, successively, to Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. If these other White Houses had gone through what the Nixon White House has been put through, with informers climbing out the windows and floods of secret papers pouring out the doors, there is no room for doubt that impeachment cries would have been heard in the land."

Nixon was the one because he was the first to face a Congress that had the numbers to do it—and because he, incredibly, gave the dominant faction what it needed, memos, tapes, and the worst kind of organization men, half-formed slugs like Dean and Jeb Magruder. In his book, Price, who is not the anecdotal type, does offer a revealing one. "During that same summer," he writes, "at a party in Washington, I ran into Thomas Corcoran, who as 'Tommy the Cork' was one of the whiz kids in Roosevelt's New Deal. Flashing his Irish grin, his eyes twinkling, he said to me: 'The trouble with your people is that they're always writing memos. When we did that sort of thing, we never put it on paper.'"

It will obviously be fascinating to see how far the revisionism will go. It might be worth it to follow Price as he hits the talk show circuit to promote *With Nixon*. Which shows will book him? Which newspapers will run features when the author hits town? What reaction? For my old colleague, I guess, the organization—Nixon—has become his life. Perhaps he was ready for that and accepted it in 1967 when, as he tells it in the book, he received his first bit of advice on serving Nixon: "I got a briefing from John Davies . . . . One thing Davies told me was that I would soon get a sense of when Nixon wanted to talk and when he did not . . . that when he wanted to talk, he would usually signal it by opening the conversation himself."

That, then, is the price. I could never pay it, but I can't be sure that the Ray Prices of the world don't contribute a good deal more than I. The organization whole may be greater than the sum of its parts. He served—perhaps not wisely, but well.

And he serves still, ending his book by saying:

"After Nixon's resignation, the pressures on those of us who had remained loyal became more rather than less intense: pressure to renounce him, to join the chorus of denunciation, or at least to put some visible distance between ourselves and our former president. Sometimes subtly, sometimes not so subtly, we got the message: turning on Nixon is the price of your readmission to polite society. In my case, these pressures . . . simply hardened my determination to stand firm on my own beliefs." ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in November.

Advertising and Free Speech. Allen Hyman, M. Bruce Johnson, eds. Lexington, $12.50.

The Almanac of American Politics 1978. Michael Barone, Grant Ujifusa, Douglas Matthews. Dutton, $16.95/$7.95. The latest edition of one of the more valuable reference works for people seriously involved in politics and government.

Assault with A Deadly Weapon: The Autobiography of a Street Criminal. John Allen with Dianne Hall Kelly, Philip Heymann, eds. Pantheon, $8.95.

Brothers in Blood. Ovid Demaris. Scribner's $9.95.

Builders of the American Dream. James K. Fitzpatrick. Arlington House, $9.95.

Can You Trust Your Bank? Robert Heller, Norris Willatt. Scribner's, $9.95. This is a competent and readable pulling together of the major scandals involving banks around the world over the last few years. It's interesting material, but would have been improved by new thought and fact-getting –it's really not the comprehensive look at banking that its title implies, and that's too bad.

The Cop Who Would Be King: The Honorable Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia. Joseph R. Daughen, Peter Binzen. Little, Brown, $10. The authors are thorough reporters and engaging writers who know their subject and his city very well. They've produced a thoroughly damning account of Frank Rizzo, who emerges as a hateful, dishonest, egomaniacal, profane despot, a man with no redeeming qualities. All the famous Rizzo scandals are amply covered, but perhaps more interesting is Daughen and Binzen's description of Rizzo's style and of his entourage, which are not familiar ground for non-Philadelphians.

Democracy for the Few. Michael Parenti. St. Martin's, $10.

Decision to Prosecute: Organization and Public Policy in the Anti-Trust Division. Suzanne Weaver. MIT, $14.95.

Deregulating American Industry: Legal and Economic Problems. Donald L. Martin, Warren F. Schwartz, eds. Lexington, $13.50.

Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison. Michel Foucault. Alan Sheridan, trans. Pantheon, $10.95.

Dispatches. Michael Herr. Knopf, $8.95.

Dropshot: The United States Plan for War With The Soviet Union in 1957. Anthony Cave Brown, ed. Dial, $11.95.

800 Miles to Valdez. James Roscow, Prentice-Hall, $10.

The Economic Growth Debate: An Assessment. E.J. Mishan. Allen & Unwin, $16.50/$7.75.

The End of Prosperity: The American Economy in the 1970s. Harry Magdoff, Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press, $7.95.

55 Days: The Fall of South Vietnam. Alan Dawson. Prentice-Hall, $12.50. A fascinating account of the last battle of the Vietnam war, told by a man who was at that time

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UPI's bureau manager in Saigon, who, while his stylistic gifts are limited, is a natural storyteller.

For the Common Defense. Andrew J. Goodpaster. Lexington, $14.95. Well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into one of our better military minds.

Floating Exchange Rates and National Economic Policy. Stanley W. Black. Yale, $12.95.

The Future File. Paul Dickson. Rawson, $9.95.

The Giants: Russia and America. Richard J. Barnet. Simon and Schuster, $7.95. "In the bizarre world of nuclear strategy," Barnet writes, "'satire is impossible. The culmination of *Dr. Strangelove*, a 1964 movie spoofing the nuclear arms race, is a hysterical warning about the 'mine-shaft gap,' which will allow the Soviet Union to save more of its population in a nuclear war than the United States. Eight years later Pentagon officials held a briefing on the mine-shaft gap for congressional committees."

At the beginning of 1977, the United States had about 9,000 nuclear warheads aimed at the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union had about 3,500 aimed at the United States. That the vast majority of the weapons are superfluous in no way inhibits the continued build-up.

Nor do the arms control agreements. As against disarmament, where each side agrees to reduce its capability to conduct war against the other, "arms control" purports to remove the advantage either side would gain by starting a nuclear war. Arms control is a concept more acceptable to the military bureaucracies in each country, and both superpowers have used the SALT negotiations to improve their military capabilities; five years after the SALT I agreement was signed the stockpile of nuclear weapons had doubled. "Arms control negotiations," a former deputy director of the CIA noted, "are rapidly becoming the best excuse for escalating . . . the arms race."

The arms escalation upon which the prosperity of the military bureaucracies of both countries depends can be rationalized only by pointing to an "enemy"—and, in describing threats that justify bigger budgets. The Soviet and American military are not only "enemies" but also each other's strongest allies: "the madness of one bureaucracy," Barnet observes, "sustains the other." In neither country, to be sure, have the political leaders effectively challenged the thinking of their military bureaucracies.

But, concurrently with the arms race has emerged another aspect of the Soviet-American relationship, those instincts for survival that peer out from under the mushroom cloud and find expression in the term "detente." Soviet leaders understand that their real problems—China, dissidents, the restless nations under their hegemony, the diverse national entities within the Soviet Union itself, low productivity—have little to do with the United States. Similarly, the American problems—the tenuousness of our access to raw materials, our diminishing control of the world economy, the runaway costs of managing our government—don't have much to do with the Soviet Union.

Positive realities impel the two giants toward closer ties. The Soviet need for Western technology has resulted in a growing web of economic arrangements, each new economic tie making inevitable the next.

Detente has, in fact, proceeded further than most Americans realize. The United States, says Barnet, has come to view the Soviet troops in Eastern Europe as a guarantor of the stability of the area. "No one in the upper reaches of the State Department," he writes, "likes to imagine what would happen if the troops pulled out." (It's one of the ironies of contemporary American democracy that we learn what our government *really* thinks only from nongovernmental sources: if pressed, the State Department, which knows a political hot potato when it sees one, would have to declare its blue-eyed innocence of any such thoughts.)

Meanwhile, the time bomb—the increasingly volatile arms race—ticks on. In Barnet's view, unless the giants make a fundamental change in their military relationship and move from "arms control" toward comprehensive disarmament, it will explode.

—Leonard Reed

Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged. Christopher Lasch. Basic Books, $15.

The Jews. Chaim Bermant. Times Books, $12.50.

Just and Unjust Wars: A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations. Michael Walzer. Basic Books, $15. An eloquent and convincing statement of the case against war.

Justice and Older Americans. Marlene A. Young Rifai. Lexington, $17.

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The Latin Americans: Their Love-Hate Relationship with the United States. Carlos Rangel. Ivan Kats, trans. Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $12.95.

The Limits of Altruism: An Ecologist's View of Survival. Garrett Hardin. Indiana Univ. Press, $10.

The Limits of Health Reform: The Search for Realism. Eli Ginzberg. Basic Books, $10.

Lost Frontier: The Marketing of Alaska. John D. Hanrahan, Peter Gruenstein. Norton, $10.95.

The Luciano Project. Rodney Campbell. McGraw-Hill, $9.95.

Medicare: The Politics of Federal Hospital Insurance. Judith M. Feder. Lexington, $16.

Organized Medicine in the Progressive Era: The Move Toward Monopoly. James G. Burrow. Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, $12.95. A detailed account of the professionalization of medicine in the early years of this century, far less hostile to doctors than its title makes it sound.

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Volume 24: January-August 1912. Arthur S. Link, ed. with David W. Hirst, John E. Little. Princeton Univ. Press, $25.

Persona Non Grata: An Envoy in Castro's Cuba. Jorge Edwards; Colin Harding, trans. Dutton, $8.95.

The Picture of Health: Environmental Sources of Disease. Erik P. Eckholm. Norton, $9.95/$3.95.

Politics and Markets: The World's Political Economic Systems. Charles E. Lindblom. Basic Books, $15.

The Professor Game. Richard Mandell. Doubleday, $8.95.

Reluctant Regulators: The FCC and the Broadcast Audience. Barry Cole, Mal Oettinger. Addison-Wesley, $10.95. Cole is a consultant to the FCC and Oettinger a veteran broadcasting reporter; the two teamed up to write the inside story of the agency, and the results are competent and complete if uninspired. The verdict on the FCC is negative, mostly for the standard liberal captive-of-the-industry reasons.

The Show and Tell Machine: How Television Works and Works You Over. Rose K. Goldsen. Dial, $10.

Soldiers, Statesmen and Cold War Crises. Richard K. Betts. Harvard Univ. Press, $5.

South Africa and U.S. Multinational Corporations. Ann Seidman, Neva Seidman. Lawrence Hill, $10/$4.95.

Stealing from the Rich: The Home-Stake Oil Swindle. David McClintick. M. Evans, $10. "How in hell did you steal $40 million?" an admiring prisoner asked Robert S. Trippet, who, awaiting sentencing the next day, was spending the night in jail. "I broke my ass to steal $200 and I'll probably be here forever. You'll do a few months or a year . . . ."

The prisoner, as we'll see, was no prophet.

Trippet, a Tulsa lawyer-businessman, was the genius who engineered and sustained for 19 years the biggest oil swindle ever. Between 1955 and 1974 the Home-Stake Production Company relieved investors of about $140 million.

The scenario was old, modernized only by the tax breaks our laws offer the oil

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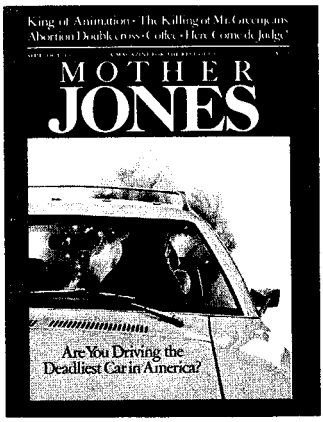

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industry. Lured by the promise of rich profits and the joys of tax avoidance, investors bought into Trippet's drilling projects. The "profits" they first received came not from production but from the funds provided by later investors. (When a drilling proved "disappointing," Trippet would provide investors with engineering appraisals which evaluated their stake at triple the original investment and advise them to give their shares to charity. By that gambit, an investor in a high tax bracket could take a second deduction, greater than his original cost.)

What made this hackneyed fraud so spectacular was that the victims, with rare exceptions, were wealthy and sophisticated—the class of people for and by whom tax dodges are designed. Forgetting about the show-biz types (Walter Matthau, Liza Minnelli, and Andy Williams, for example, each of whom was taken for $200,000 or more) whose names the daily press highlighted when the bubble burst, consider this list of patsies: Senator Jacob Javits, Donald Kendall of Pepsi-Cola, the president of General Electric, the chairman of the board of Penn Central, the chairman of the board of International Paper Company, the chairman of the board of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, the president of First National City Bank, the president of Time, Inc., the president of American Express Company .... not to mention the fellow who, under the pseudonym of Adam Smith, wrote two best-sellers on how not to get diddled on Wall Street. Most of these people not only invested in Home-Stake but kept augmenting their original investments when elementary investigation would have disclosed that Home-Stake was beset with increasing numbers of lawsuits charging fraud.

Particularly dismaying for government-watchers was the sad performance of our officials. As early as 1958, when Trippet made application to sell common stock to the public, Home-Stake's former secretary-treasurer alerted the Securities and Exchange Commission to "certain serious circumstances which might cause you to deny the application to protect the investing public . . . " ; he received a form letter of acknowledgement and no follow-up was made. In 1966, with Home-Stake already up to its navel in feuds and legal actions with investors, the SEC's only suggested change in the company's prospectus was the addition of dollar signs in certain column heads.

The IRS comes off no better. In spite of flagrantly inflated tax write-offs claimed by investors for the "gifts" they made of

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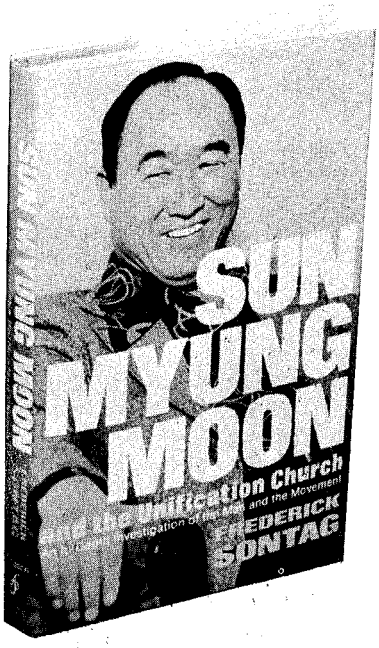

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worthless investments, not until 1973 did the IRS begin challenging the claims in earnest. By that time, the U. S. Treasury had lost about $75 million in tax revenues.

When, in September 1976, the Home-Stake miscreants were finally brought to trial in Tulsa, the prosecution, says the author, was "startlingly inept. From the opening statement to the verdict, the Justice Department representatives' conduct of the trial appeared to be a law-school demonstration of how not to present a complex fraud case to a jury of laymen."

And there was the federal judge. Trippet pleaded *nolo contendere* and could have been sentenced to 50 years. But:

"Mr. Trippet, you have spent a night in jail . . . I don't think you liked what you saw, did you?"

"No, your honor, I think that the experience I have had would have a big impact on anybody . . . . I slept not a wink."

"You can imagine what 50 years would be like, then?"

"Yes, sir."

The judge then placed Trippet on three years supervised probation and fined him $19,000.

David McClintick covered the Home-Stake swindle for the *Wall Street Journal*. **Stealing From the Rich** reflects the thoroughness and sprightliness of that newspaper's feature reporting.

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The Ungovernable City. Douglas Yates. MIT, $15.

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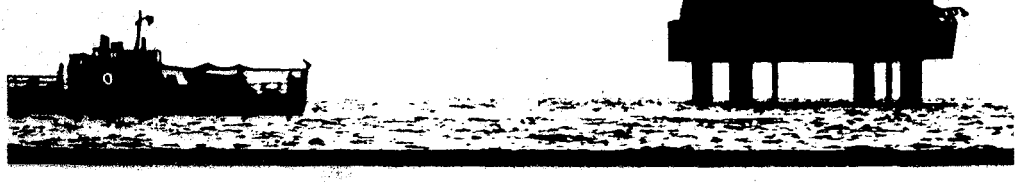

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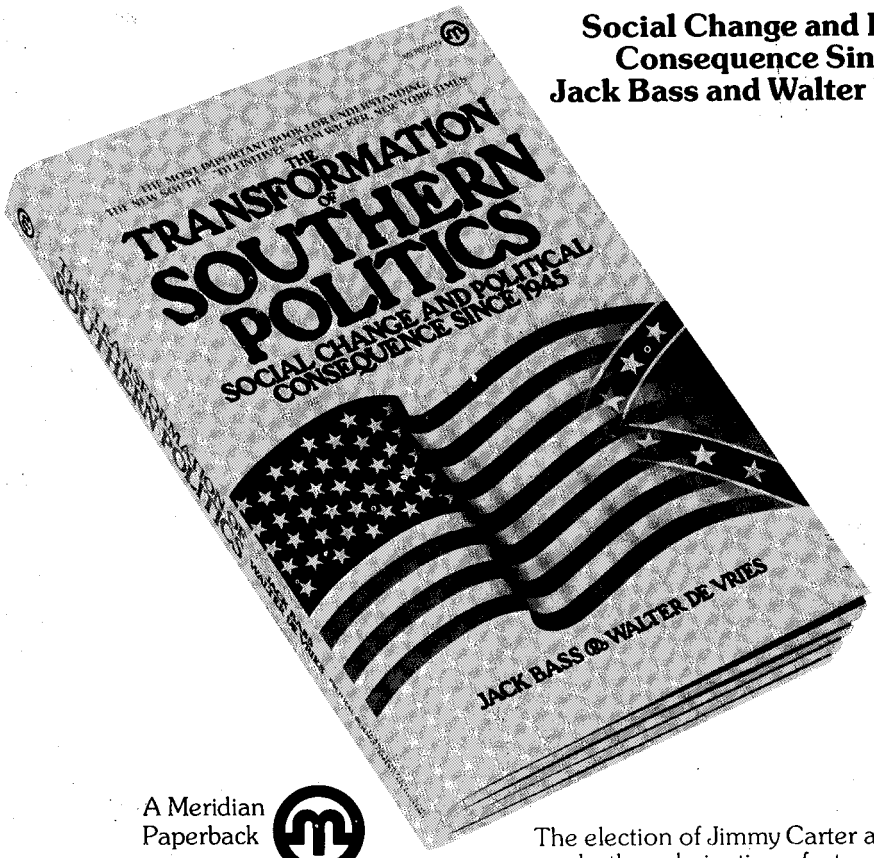

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